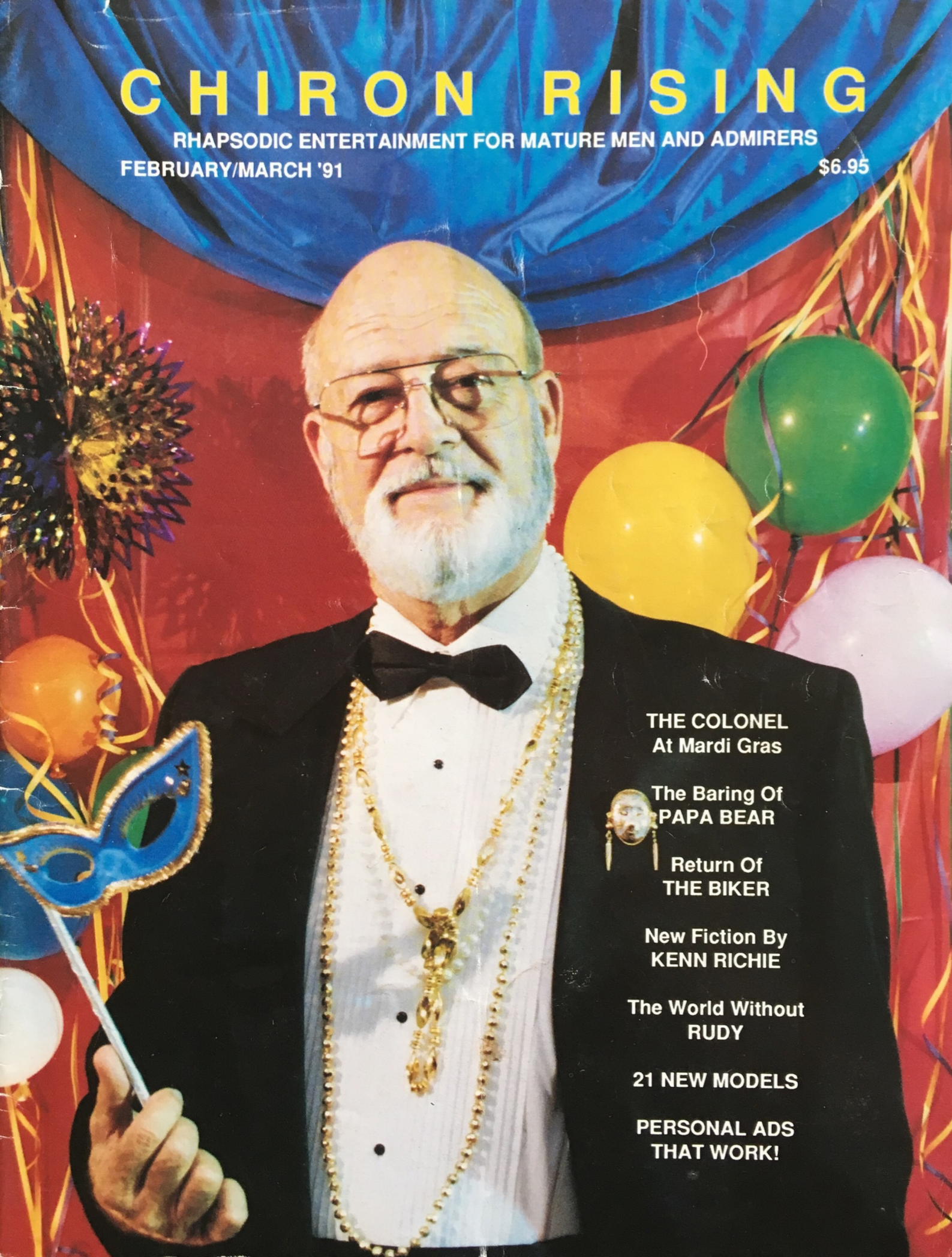
CHIRON RISING

RHAPSODIC ENTERTAINMENT FOR MATURE MEN AND ADMIRERS

FEBRUARY/MARCH '91

$6.95



THE COLONEL
At Mardi Gras

The Baring Of
PAPA BEAR

Return Of
THE BIKER

New Fiction By
KENN RICHIE

The World Without
RUDY

21 NEW MODELS

PERSONAL ADS
THAT WORK!

JOHN WAYNE

a self portrait

Sinew and sensuality with a North Carolina accent. He's a nudist, outdoorsman, Bluegrass musician, kayaker and original gerontophile.

THIS PUBLICATION IS DEDICATED TO THOSE MATURE MEN AND THEIR MALE ADMIRERS WHO SEEK ENTERTAINMENT WHICH GLORIFIES SOCIAL, SPIRITUAL AND SEXUAL RELATIONSHIPS BETWEEN ADULT MALES. IF YOU ARE UNDER 21 OR OFFENDED BY SUCH MATERIAL, PLEASE READ NO FURTHER!

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Our Subscribers

TABLE OF CONTENTS

FRONT COVER — THE COLONEL AT MARDI GRAS . . . photo by KENT JUSTICE (See profile on page 17)

INSIDE FRONT COVER — PAPA BEAR . . . photo by MICHAEL (See profile on page 17)

3	JOHN WAYNE
5	LETTERS
8	MICHAEL OF GERMANY
9	Artwork by ABE
11	DAD'S BOY and RAY M.
12	Fiction by THE NAVIGATOR
14	J. D.
16	Fiction by KENN RICHIE
17	PROFILES OF COVER MODELS
18	LEO and CAL
19	Fiction by ROYCE
21	Artwork by DARKCHILDE
23	DOUG and MOON'S RAY
24	SNIPE
26	HEALTH
27	Poetry by SEAN BAILEY
28	THE WORLD WITHOUT RUDY
29	BRUISER
30	PHILIP AND JACK
31	SENSUAL
32	LEGAL EAGLE
33	G. F.
35	Commentary by J. J.
35	HOW TO WRITE TO MODELS
36	PERSONAL ADS
38	JOEL
42	DOCTOR TRUCKER
44	Artwork by BUCKO
46	BEST FRIENDS FOR LIFE - BUZZ AND CHET
48	Commentary by JASON P. WILLIAMS
49	SPEED
50	Cartoon by QUETZAL
51	JUST PLAIN BILL
52	Poetry by SAXON
53	Artwork by CORNELIUS
57	IN CLOSING
58	HANDLEBAR

INSIDE BACK COVER — THOM (aka THE BIKER) . . . photo by KENT JUSTICE (See profile on page 17)

BACK COVER — THE SHEIK . . . photo by CHELSEA WILLIAMS (See profile on page 17)

LETTERS

MAGGIE'S IRON CURTAIN STILL STANDS

Dear Pat and The Friar: I would like to thank you both for a great, wonderful magazine. As you know, CR is a hard thing to get over here, what with our customs stopping them. But some of them get through and those that do get passed around between friends. That way, we all get to see CR, thank God. From a devoted fan, K.D./England

REACHING THE RIGHT PEOPLE

Dear Pat and The Friar: Well, another great publication and, thanks to that gift subscription when I couldn't afford to renew, I have the pleasure of receiving CR again. CR is great for people like me who live in restrictive areas. There are Amish and Mennonites here, as well as a campaign against pornography (people are tying white ribbons everywhere to show they are against porn). When CR comes, it's like a new friend has arrived, believe me. I have enclosed a little money and hope that I can continue to send some once in a while, because it might help someone needier than me. There are a lot of us out here who are lonely and in need of love, and CR really helps. Thanks again. A.G./Pennsylvania

LOVE THAT RUSSIAN BEAR

Guys: I've subscribed for about 3 years and I've got to say you guys have really gotten to be great. Your special issue was wonderful—the models were superb. But then December/January came today and I just went ga-ga. I'm 34, never even dated an older man, despite the fantasies. Your magazine has at least fueled some of those. This issue has at least motivated me to write to someone for the first time, even if it was just so I could tell him how fine he looks. When I opened up this issue and saw RUSSIAN BEAR, my heart skipped a beat! I'm sure he's going to be one popular model! Anyway, thanks for two great issues and thanks for existing. C.D./Long Beach

HIS DOCTOR IS TOO BUSY

Dear Pat and The Friar: I have been ill with prostrate blockage. Could you ask your doctor friend what are the after effects? Doctors are so busy they can't talk much. I don't seem able to cum any more. Will this pass? At least I don't have AIDS. Thank you. R.M./ Ohio

[Editor's Note: This writer was sent a copy of our 8/89 article by Dr. MAC and urged to insist upon straight answers from his doctor.]

FOR THE HUNDREDTH TIME

Dear Chiron Boys: I think it's unfair that subscribers have to pay extra for special issues. Why can't you use the real hot stuff in the regular issues and give us 10 issues a year? A.R./Los Angeles

[Editor's Note: The special issues are created for those who enjoy novels and more explicit material. Many readers, however, do not. Since CR receives little income from commercial ads (virtually all our commercial ads are reciprocal), all our sales come from subscribers and bookstores. Very few magazines (MAD being the most prominent) operate solely on magazine sales alone. Our regular issues garner just enough receipts to cover about 80% of the year's expenses and taxes. The sale of our special issues provide the additional 20% and any profits are converted into improvements.]

THUMBS DOWN ON OUR PERSONAL ADS

Chiron: I think a lot of your "ads" must be fake or placed by truly insincere people. I have responded to nearly a dozen ads and have had only 2 very raunchy replies. I've done much better through The ADVOCATE and FRONTIERS. Work on it, please. C.M./Santa Barbara

Dear Pat and The Friar: I had almost decided not to renew. Only my admiration for you two guys as individuals and what you are trying to do prompted my renewal. I must admit I enjoy most of the stories and articles, plus the photos. The ads department is my complaint. The majority of letters I have had you forward have received no acknowledgment at all! You must admit this is disconcerting, to say the least. I realize all you can do is urge people to reply in some fashion. Even a 13 cent post card would do. I am very careful to reply to only those whose requirements I represent. I reply to those who seek my age group, build, etc. I'm candid about my lack of physical beauty. I do not varnish or stretch the truth in describing myself. This must be an ongoing problem with you and I know of no solution. At any rate, I'll continue for another year, and hope for better results. I certainly wish you continued good luck. May 1991 be the year that shows a decent profit margin for you both. I also have high hopes that you both have good health. Sincerely, G.A./Florida

[Editor's Note: Yes, it is an ongoing problem. Advertiser rudeness reflects against CR, as the above two examples show. It's disheartening to know that a handful of our advertisers can be so calloused. On the other hand, very few complainants aid us in our follow-up by including the names of the rude advertisers. In the case of C.M./Santa Barbara, if his letters to advertisers were as negative as his letter to us, it's no wonder no one bothered to write him back. All things considered, our personal ads are highly successful and have brought thousands of men

together over the past almost five years.]

MORE ON THE SPECIAL ISSUE NOVEL, *SANCTUM*

Dear Pat & The Friar: Okay, it's seven a.m. on Sunday morning. I've had the benefit of a good night's sleep to get over the initial reaction to *SANCTUM*. Although I've discovered that I'm out of coffee filters, my mind is clear and functional. I decided to wait until this morning to write to you. I thought that my enthusiasm would temper a little with the passing of the night. Fat chance! I slept with Tiny all last night. He was wonderful! When he wasn't with me I found myself in the company of all the hunky "straight" men I've known throughout my life. Pat, I don't know how I could ever express my gratitude enough. Your novel was incredible! It was well worth the time and the money. You've tapped into virtually all of the fantasies that I thought were mine alone. The only other author that has the ability to grip and enthrall me is Robert Ludlum. So pardon me if I mention him in the same breath with you, but I'm sure you don't mind. The only thing I didn't like about your novel (Oh, no, here it comes!) is that it ended. It didn't end too soon. Although I would not have complained if it were the same size as King's *THE STAND*! I wouldn't have been able to survive the reading, though. My dick would've gotten sore from maintaining a hard-on for so long! I love you for all the pleasure that you've given me in the few short years that I've known you. Whenever I think of the two of you I get that nice warm feeling! I'd better stop now before this gets really deep. Love, J.H./Detroit

[Editor's Note: Aw shucks, I know I'm not really as good as Ludlum . . . at least, not yet. But I've struggled for over twenty years to win credibility as a writer, and I ask for your indulgence this once. Read on!]

Dear P & TF: I just finished reading *SANCTUM*, which prompts me to revise my list of favorite authors:

#1 Pat Colley, #2 Tom Clancy, #3 Robert Ludlum
#4 Clive Cussler, #5 Lawrence Saunders, #6 Jean Auel

I have read every book written by the above mentioned authors and believe that your gift of storytelling with suspense and intrigue are equal to the best of any of them. Of course your elevation to #1 is due to your use of mature characters. Keep up the good work and thanks for a great couple of hours and a great magazine. J.S./Norfolk

Dear P & TF: Some thirty-five years ago I used to take nightly walks for a couple of hours in one of the hilly parks in the city. This was on a latitude where the summer nights were light. I was quite young, life was smiling, and my legs were willing. And danger, there was none. One night I met a song writer. He was a man of words and very witty; I gradually learned that he was a man of fame. He was also a man of predictions, for he told me that in my lifetime there would be novels, poetry and plays dealing entirely with the homosexual world, openly available to homosexuals, and, of course, to the heterosexuals and bisexuals, if they were interested. We often discussed the need for a magazine for the mature males. My friend is since long gone, but his predictions are not, and today there is CHIRON RISING. My friend did not specifically include mysteries and spy thrillers in his predictions, but he suggested that I copy and study the writing techniques for heterosexual mystery novels. I did, but my life took a different path. I wish my friend were with us today. He would have been a subscriber to CR for life, and in *SANCTUM* he would have seen his predictions indeed materialize. *SANCTUM* is probably one of the first full-length homosexual spy thrillers written with high literary values. It depicts a nearly all-male world, filled with all the excitement and intrigues that such an isolated environment can offer. There are homosexual men who may not necessarily show their sexuality, but you sure can tell when the time is right and they encounter other men of various degrees of homosexual inclination . . . or just any man in a horny mood. The following morning all is forgotten and denied; but when the cup is full, some come back! What a pleasure to read *SANCTUM*. What a privilege and delight to have access to a magazine of such high quality as CR. Please, my fellow readers, tell your friends, so that they can obtain a copy of the November 90 Special. Let them share our joy! Help make our circle grow! Yes, Pat and The Friar, congratulations to both of you on yet another hit and great success that you have so wonderfully presented us with just in time for the holidays. We are looking forward to a sequel, for although we know that Clay Pascal is presently cozy and happy and in love, we are sure that he will want to try new people, encounter new scenes, especially in light of the unfolding changes in the Middle East and Europe. We, the readers, just don't know how and where and why. Fortunately, Patrick H. Colley knows. He will be our guiding light, and we will continue to buy the CR Specials. Sincerely, L.L./Washington

WHAT WE'RE ALL ABOUT

Dear Pat and The Friar: I've been meaning to write this letter for months but have put it off for one reason or another. I'm absolutely in love with your magazine and have longed for something like this all of my 34 years here on earth. It couldn't have come at a more crucial time and has helped me through a very sad time in my life. Two years ago I lost the 48-year-old love of my life to cancer. It was the end of a 13 month struggle to keep him alive. The four years we had together were so magical that I never thought anyone could make me as happy as he did, but eight months later I became very involved with a neighbor that had been a casual acquaintance for 10 years. This gorgeous 52-year-old man taught me that life doesn't end when you lose someone. He was very instrumental in my recovery from the loss of my first love. We soon developed a strong, deep, loving relationship that lasted for

almost a year. Then on Mother's Day of this year he died of a heart attack as we were taking our daily walk. I was so completely devastated that I would have lost my mind had it not been for loving friends. Losing one love was bad enough, but losing two within a year and a half was almost more than I could handle. One of my second love's friends, whom I had met only once, said he had a magazine he wanted me to read (since we shared an attraction to seniors). It was the April/May issue of CR. I devoured it and immediately subscribed and ordered all the back issues available. It was wonderful to see how far the magazine had progressed over time and the dignified way it portrayed seniors and their admirers. Your precious magazine was such an inspiration and comfort to me during a rough period of my life. I have so much to be thankful for. Many people go through life and never experience the love that I've experienced twice. The letters and articles about others who had lost loves made me feel that I wasn't the only person who had ever lost their lover. Thank you for the November Special and the December issue. To me, they were both triumphs. *SANCTUM* was nothing less than incredible. It had the literary eroticism of D.H. Lawrence and Henry Miller combined with the international spy suspense of John LeCarré and Robert Ludlum. I would love to see a series of novels using the same main characters. It opened up a whole new literary world for me. The photos and drawings were also magnificent. I'll join the ranks in saying that ZIPPER is my dream come true. I'd take out a second mortgage for a video of him, if he ever makes one. IRONWORKER is also a wonderful specimen of a man. By the way, I can't wait to see him in person at Mardi Gras in February. The friend who introduced me to CR knows IRONWORKER and took one of the rooms he'd reserved at the Saint Marie, so we're all headed for New Orleans. This will be my first Mardi Gras and I can't wait! May CR live forever! Love, M.D.H./Arkansas

THE SHORTEST FAN LETTER

Great publication
great subscribers
great titillation
provide many pleasures
Jimbo/Denver

NOT EVERYONE WAS IN THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Dear CR: Thanks for those spectacular November Special and December 90 issues! You have now arrived at a new dimension. Your humanity elevates you to something much more profound than just another magazine. Your literary quality places you shoulder to shoulder with the best of publications, regardless of target audience. I commend you for publishing the letter from WAYBURNE and trust that the response will be enthusiastically warm. I've been indirectly involved with both NORTHWEST

(Continued on page 10)

BEST GUIDE®
A GROWING FAMILY OF GAY GUIDES!

BEST GUIDE® now has four titles for the gay male traveler, two dealing with favourite European destinations, and two dealing with the Asia-Pacific-Orient area. Ask for the guides at your nearest gay bookstore, or write to the publisher for a catalog.

BEST GUIDE
66 N.Z. Voorburgwal (Suite 94)
NL-1012 SC Amsterdam, The Netherlands

BALL CLUB

For men who have 'em and men who want 'em, the BALL CLUB is a world-wide communications network with a lively, quarterly newsletter full of hot stories, articles, photos, drawings and hundreds of explicit, personal ads from members of all ages and ethnic backgrounds. If you're at all into this part of the male anatomy, you'll find what you want in the BALL CLUB. For free information, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: BC/SW, P.O. Box 1501, Pomona, CA 91769

PRIME TIMERS

Is an international social and support organization for older gay and bi men and their admirers. Contact the club in your region for more information.

1755 Robson, Suite 480
Vancouver V6G 3B7
CANADA

P.O. Box 291, Midtown Sta.
New York, NY 10018

P.O. Box 541001
Dallas, TX 75354

P.O. Box 436
Manchaca, TX 78652

P.O. Box 59071
Jackson, MS 39284

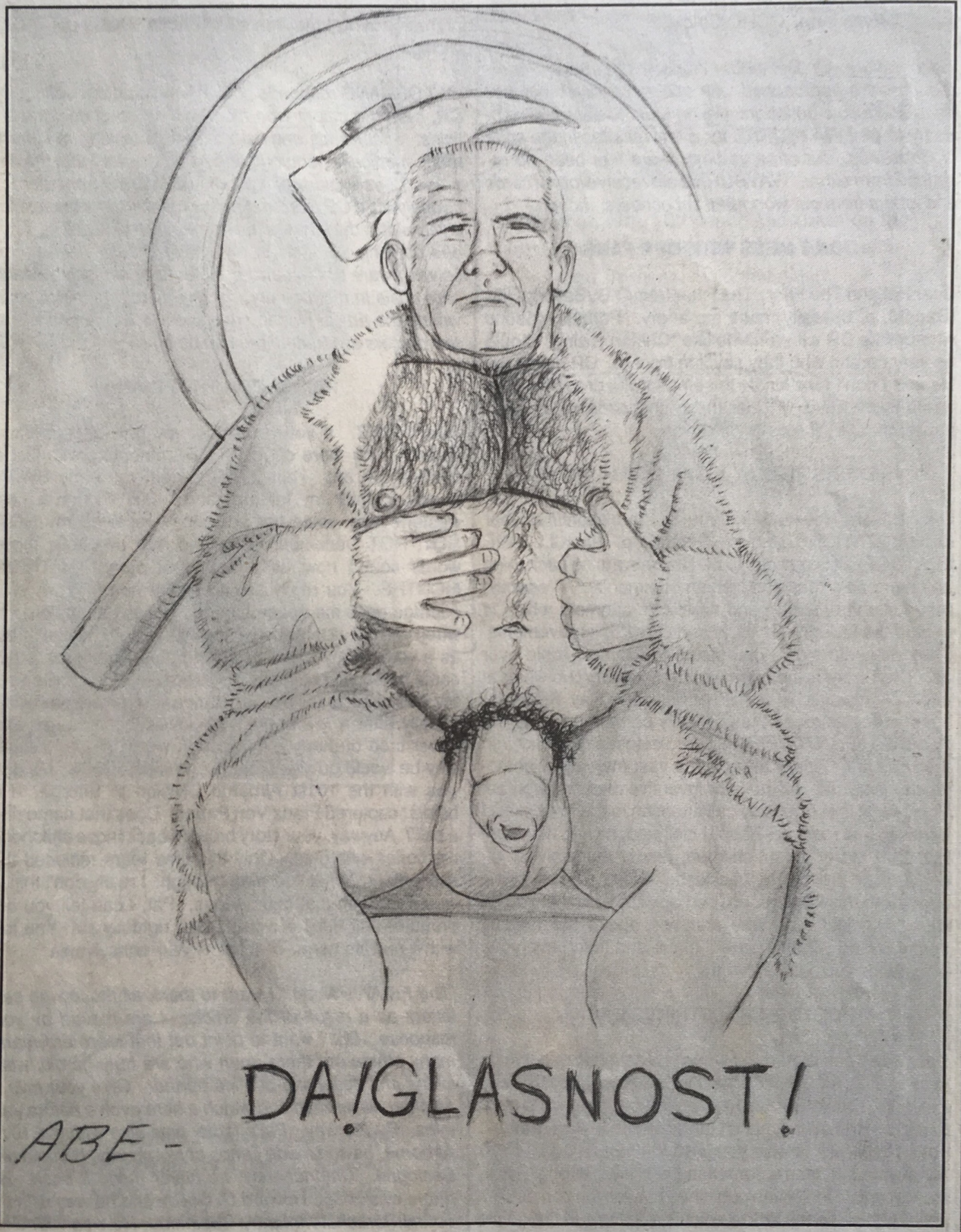
P.O. Box 180010
Boston, MA 02118-0010

MICHAEL OF GERMANY

photo by THE COMMISSIONER

IS THIS GUY READY OR WHAT?

MICHAEL, 61, a retired German who resides in Northern California, travels a lot and likes to meet other mustachioed men of any age.



Previously among the rugged men of Montana, ABE has reluctantly relocated to Washington, D.C. This very talented artist is 5'-5", husky, muscular and masculine. His four drawings in the November Special issue are among the most provocative ever published in any magazine.

CHUBBIES and MATURE FRIENDS and assure you that they will come forth. OCHO/Chicago

[Editor's Note: On December 7th, both the above organizations were approached with copies of the December issue and follow-up letters, urging them to assign an emissary to visit WAYBURNE for a few minutes in the spirit of Christmas. As of press time, there has been no response from either. WAYBURNE did receive lots of cards and letters from our wonderful subscribers, though.]

DON/T MESS WITH OUR FANS

Dear Pat and The Friar: The letter from D.B./Beverly Hills (Dec 90, p. 6) really made me angry. Pathetic queens who belittle CR with a name like "Chiffon Rising" should be very careful who they say it in front of. CR saved my life and I don't take kindly to some lowlife dragging CR's name in the mud. I'll bet these shitheads aren't even subscribers. R.R./Los Angeles

IS THERE REALLY A GAY COMMUNITY?

Dear Editor: How sad that you had to discontinue your ORGANIZATIONS section (Dec 90, p. 10, KILL ONE FEATURE). It is obvious to me that there is no such thing any more as a "gay and lesbian community." Presently, there is a very young and rebellious segment which is behind the QUEER NATION and Gay Punk movements. They detest straights and sexually diverse people over 30. Then there is the more mature activist group which is intensely involved in AIDS activism and Gay Rights issues. They espouse the politically correct views of The *ADVOCATE, OUTWEEK*, etc. and detest anyone not into their causes. Finally there is the vast majority of homosexual, bisexual and sexually inventive men and women. Very few of these publicly call attention to their sex lives; I dare say that most are happily closeted, having no desire to legally marry, adopt children, render themselves vulnerable, or provoke a backlash. Since CR obviously appeals to this latter group, perhaps it is best that you go your "own laid-back way and rise above the feeding frenzy." God willing, you will thrive and touch everyone who needs you. B.F./Miami

DOCTOR JACK STRIKES BACK

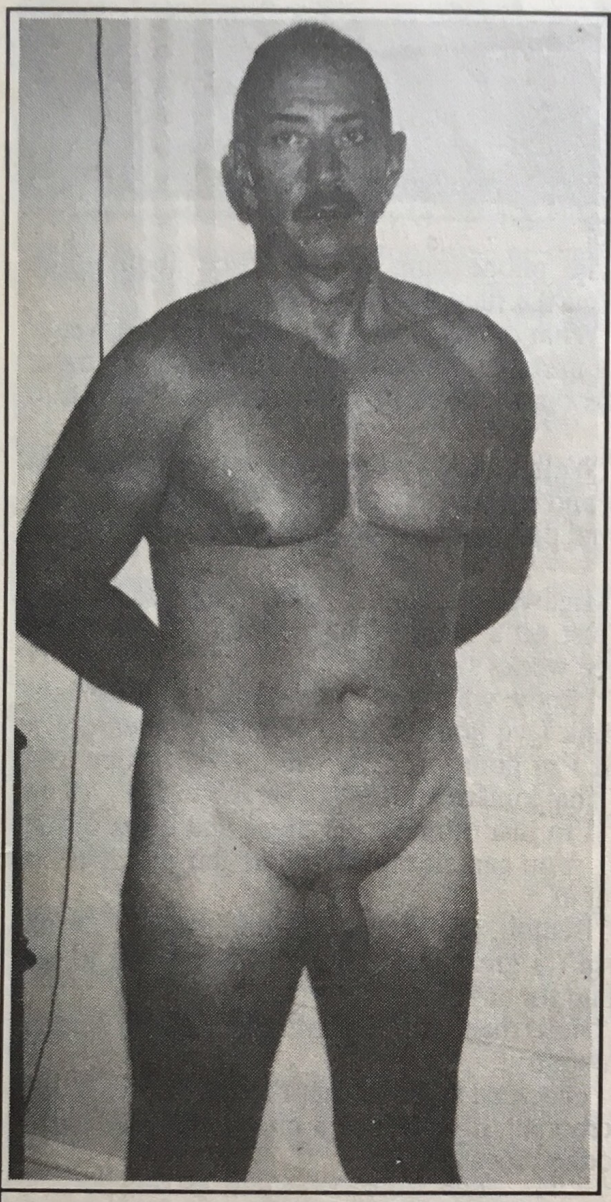
Dear Pat: I can remember when you asked for a doctor to write articles for CR. I decided to volunteer to do that and thought it would be fun for me and informative to your readers. However, it hasn't turned out that way. Either it doesn't suit you or else you wish to change, add, etc. to my articles. It seems something is always wrong. Now, the last article isn't even published but yet you can publish such rubbish as the article ridiculing doctors in the article by XYLOPHANG (August'90). It seems he's always mad at someone or sets himself up as some specialist on some subject. Not all doctors are like he describes, and I take offense to that article. Apparently you are no longer interested in my time, interest or efforts. DOCTOR JACK/ Michigan

[XYLOPHANG responds: Since I do volunteer editing for CR, I am the culprit who modified the good doctor's articles. I found his original scrawlings lacking in literary merit, medically nebulous and so elementary that the average 12-year-old would glean nothing new from them. I strongly urge CR to abandon this man's works and exclusively utilize the information in medical newsletters. Anyone denying the facts in my article should make themselves aware of the current, potentially explosive health care crisis in this country. In any event, my purpose in writing the article was to save lives. If the feathers of a few doctors are ruffled, then so be it.]

PRAISE FOR THE FRIAR

Dear FRIAR: If you remember my last letter, I joked about seeing more of you in CR, preferably with just a cowboy hat on. Then a friend sent me early SWAN photos to fulfill my fantasy, and I said I found a new western hero--white hat and all! I received my HOT, HOT, HOT December issue and how prophetic those words sound now as I read your story, THIRTEEN MONTHS. You really *are* a real life *hero!* Wow, your courage gave me goose bumps. I wasn't even born yet when you did all this and yet I want to say, "Thanks!" First as a veteran myself, and second as a kid whose father came home safe because of the bravery of guys like you! My dad used to tell us war stories when we were kids--usually after a few beers. We loved those stories and never tired of them, even though we didn't understand why he would go silent for long periods of time. My dad was with the 101st Airborne Division in Europe. He helped captured Franz Von Papen! Does that name ring a bell? Anyway, your story brought back those childhood memories with Dad. Only this time tears replaced the excitement. What you went through! I really don't think I would've been that courageous. Pat, I can tell you are proud of that hunk of yours. And righfully so! You live with a real life hero. Thanks. R.W./Pennsylvania

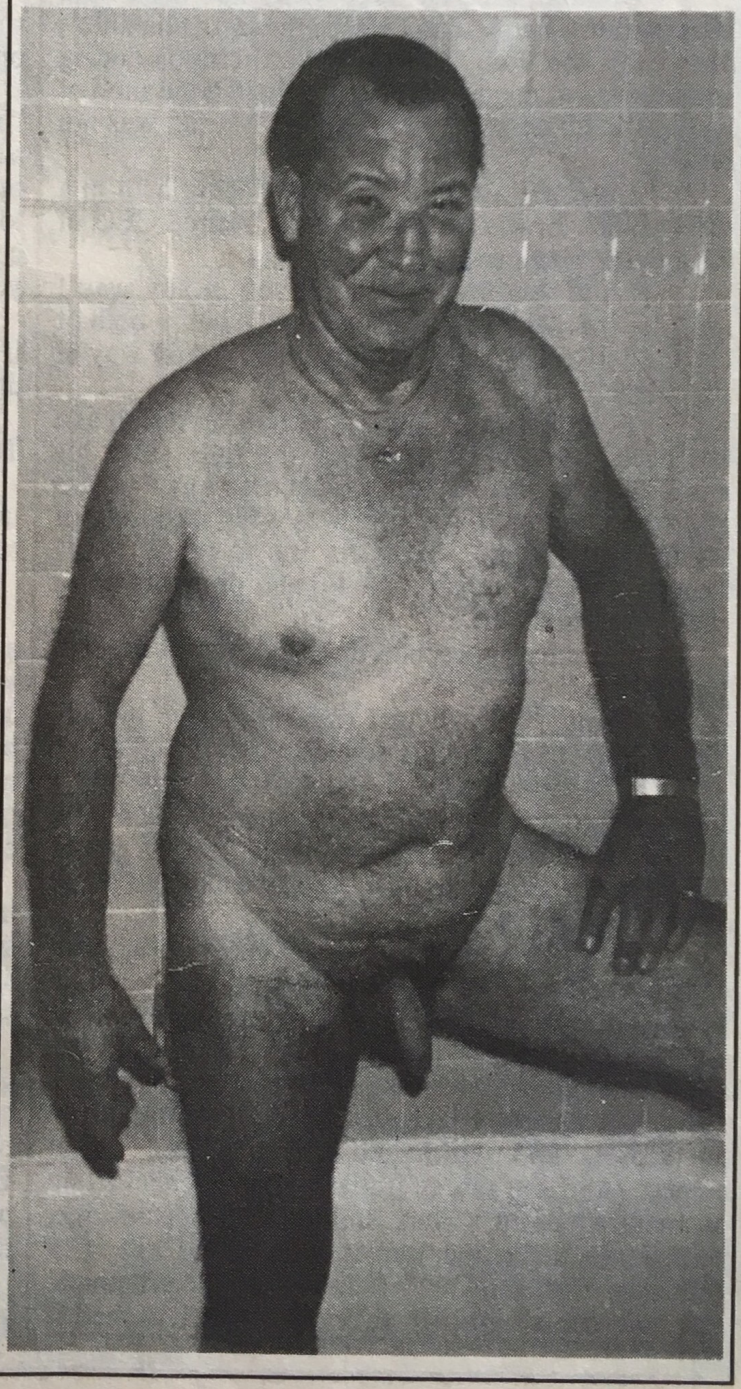
[The FRIAR's Note: I want to thank all those who sent letters as a result of the article. I am moved by your response. But I want to point out that there are many, many others out there--men who are truly heroic, wise, loving and deserving of a life partner. Give your love to an older, wiser man and watch a hero evolve before your eyes. By the way, Pat's father was also with the 101st Airborne, having made jumps at Normandy, Holland and Bastogne. Unfortunately, he never made it back. His name was S/Sgt. Howard C. Colley and he was with the 502nd Parachute Infantry Regiment. He was with General McAuliffe who said "Nuts" to the Nazis at the Battle of the Bulge.]



DAD'S BOY

photo by JED

The six foot, safe, 200 pound chest man on the left is from Philadelphia. If you like your men freshly shaved and clean, drop him a line.



RAY M.

photo by G.F.

RAY, another Pennsylvanian, is single and looking for a friend. He loves kissing, tit play, travel and quiet evenings at home

AT THE RIVER

Fiction by THE NAVIGATOR

I stood in the warm sunshine at the cemetery, shaking hands with well-wishers. The outpouring of love and concern nearly overwhelmed me, but did not entirely take my mind off that huge mound of flowers in the shade of the Nearny Funeral Home tent. Under that mound was the casket. And inside the casket was the body of my wife of nearly forty years. Oh, how I wished I had never looked at her in that box! I wanted to remember her always as the lovely, vivacious woman I had shared life with for so long. Not a cold, waxen body in a box.

Granted, the last three years had been hell. Marian didn't know who I was at the last. She didn't know who she was, in fact. Each afternoon during her last days at the nursing home I visited the shell of a magnificent personality. A shell. Marian was not there.

I became aware of my hand being held in a strong grip. It was Benton Oldham, retired CEO of Blytheville Bank and Trust Company.

"And you know I'll help you in any way I can," he was saying. He gripped my hand in both of his and looked directly into my eyes. "Any way at all," he repeated.

Benton lost his wife some five years ago and had been living at his place on the river since his retirement year before last. I'd not seen much of him in a while, although my firm was a big customer of his for many years. Time for me to retire, too, I thought. What the hell. I'm 60 and probably don't have much time left.

"I really appreciate that, Benton," I replied. "I really do."

"Fine. I'll call you and we'll have lunch." He gave my hand another squeeze and moved on.

The line finally ended and the kids and I climbed into the sleek, black limousine, which took us back to the house. The day was a blur of guests and flowers and phone calls. And an enormous sense of loss and loneliness.

It is said that the grieving process goes on for a year or more. If Marian had died suddenly, while in good health, perhaps the impact would have been greater. But she'd been so sick for so long that I felt a sense of relief after those first few days of emptiness. My daughter removed Marian's things from the closets and rearranged the bedroom. That helped. And she saw to it that someone checked up on me frequently. That, and some office routine, helped me make the transition into the life of a widower. Besides, I have always been the pragmatic sort who deals with life as it is, not as I wished it would be.

The phone rang at the office about three weeks after the funeral. It was Benton.

"What do you have scheduled for the weekend?" he asked. I had scheduled nothing for more weekends than I cared to remember and I told him so.

"Well, hell, why don't you come on down to the river and spend a day or two? We'll drown some worms and put away a little Tennessee sippin' whiskey."

Migawd, I thought. How long had it been since I just sat around doing nothing! It had been only three weeks since . . . .

"I know what you're thinking," said Benton. "You think I've got a couple of wild women down here and I'm going to lead you astray. Nope, old buddy. That kind of stuff is not for me to say. All up to you. I'm just offering the piece and quiet of the country. You can sit on the porch and just rock, if you want to."

"Benton, you're a good man," I said. "Damn if this isn't a great idea. But I'm not going to get dressed up for anything!"

"Hell, man, you can go naked for all I care! This is country!"

I chuckled and said that I'd drive down in the late afternoon. It would be a change of pace and I really looked forward to it.

Benton's place on the river was at the end of a two mile dirt road, and there were no neighbors within sight. The place was some fifteen or twenty acres. His "cabin" was a two-story log home with a big porch facing the river. The Tecumseh River was not very wide at that point, but the fish liked it, and I proposed to catch several of them before the weekend was over.

I saw Benton's pickup truck but no sign of him. I walked around to the porch and saw him spread out on a rope hammock, sound asleep. A stick snapped under my foot and he awoke. He stretched a moment, then got to his feet.

For a moment I was slightly embarrassed. Benton wore nothing more than cut-off jeans; it occurred to me that I'd never seen this much of him before. I climbed the steps and we shook hands. Benton had a big shock of graying hair and was in pretty good shape for 62. He was a little thick around the middle, but, then, aren't most of us?

"Sit down! Sit down!" he insisted. "Let me get you some of that good sippin' whiskey I told you

about." He went into the house and I sat in an extremely comfortable wooden porch chair, deciding that I wouldn't stir for the entire weekend . . . except maybe to fish. It was a beautiful day and an extraordinarily beautiful setting.

Benton reappeared with frosty glasses of bourbon and branch water. At least he claimed it was branch water. I took a good sip and then leaned back to let the effect of the alcohol warm me. If only one could capture the effect of that first drink and hold it for an entire evening, I thought, instead of continuing on and getting sloshed. I noticed that Benton had put on a T-shirt. "Hug A Bear" it said. Made no sense to me.

The sun was about to set; we'd gone through our second drinks and miles of conversation, it seemed to me. I felt pleasantly boozy and at peace. Benton was telling me how the several colonies of bats in the area kept the place virtually mosquito-free. I made a mental note of it. I also noted that my host had swung one of his legs across the arm of the chair and that there was a considerable bulge at his crotch to the right of the seam. So what? And why did my eyes keep darting to that place? Benton, however, was gazing off toward the river as he went on about the habits of bats.

Maybe it's part of the aging process, but glancing at Benton's crotch caused my memory to catapult to my childhood when my best friend and I hid in my tree house and talked of sex. We became so bold that afternoon that we stripped naked and examined each other's private parts. We fondled each other and got what passed for erections. The high point came when my buddy plunged his face into my lap and took my penis in his mouth. I was horrified and thrilled at the same time. All my life I wondered what would have happened if my mother had not come into the back yard looking for me. We hastily dressed and clambered out of the tree house. I always meant to try to set up a situation that would let us recreate that moment, but my buddy found out that boys were not supposed to fondle boys, and neither of us wanted to give the other the impression that we were not macho he-men.

I realized that Benton was looking at me but not saying anything. I also realized that the recollection of the tree house episode had caused me the embarrassment of an erection. I coughed and quickly crossed my legs.

Benton smiled. "Old buddy, how long has it been since you've had any?"

I could feel my face redden. I drank from my glass, although there was nothing but a little melted ice in it. "Well, you know, Marian was sick for so long . . . ."

"A helluva long time, right?"

I nodded and recrossed my legs. I could sense that a little lubricating fluid had eased from my prick and was positive it had stained through the front of my undershorts and slacks. Why couldn't I have worn the dark ones? And what was it that was making me so horny?

Benton produced a third round of drinks, plus a monologue about the days and weeks following his wife's death. He said he could not bring himself to go to another woman, yet he had needs that were overwhelming to him at times.

"You know, a guy hits sixty or so and everybody thinks he's over the hill and can't get it on any more. But that's just not true!"

I agreed wholeheartedly and sipped at my empty glass. It was the most alcohol I had ingested in years. And I didn't care. I felt great.

"Then I found this magazine." He reached for a stack of magazines on the table beside him. He chose one and held it out. I reached for it and looked at the cover. SWAN was its name.

"You remember Ab McDonald?"

"Yuh . . . sure."

"Ab's wife asked me to go through his private papers because she didn't understand anything about his business, and I found this hidden in the file marked, 'Miscellany.' It opened up a whole new world for me!"

By now I was thumbing through the pages in the long shadows. My God! These are guys! Our age! Older, even! I was stunned, and for several minutes there was silence. I thumbed through the photographs of older men of all shapes and sizes with pricks of all dimensions, interacting with each other in a way that made my own penis stiffer than it had been in years. The initial sense of revulsion gave way to waves of erotic feelings. I suddenly wanted to be there, in those pictures, doing those things!

I became aware of Benton setting another drink on the arm of the chair.

"What do you think?" he asked.

I breathed deeply. "I . . . umm . . . didn't know about all this. This is really interesting." What a lame remark! I felt Benton's hand on my shoulder. I didn't move.

"Have you ever thought about anything like this?" asked Benton.

"Umm . . . no, not really. But who am I to judge what people do?" It still sounded lame.

"They're all gay, you know," said Benton. He sat down and put his leg over the arm of the chair as before. He took a long pull on his drink and stared right at me with a twinkle in his eyes. I kept thumbing the pages.

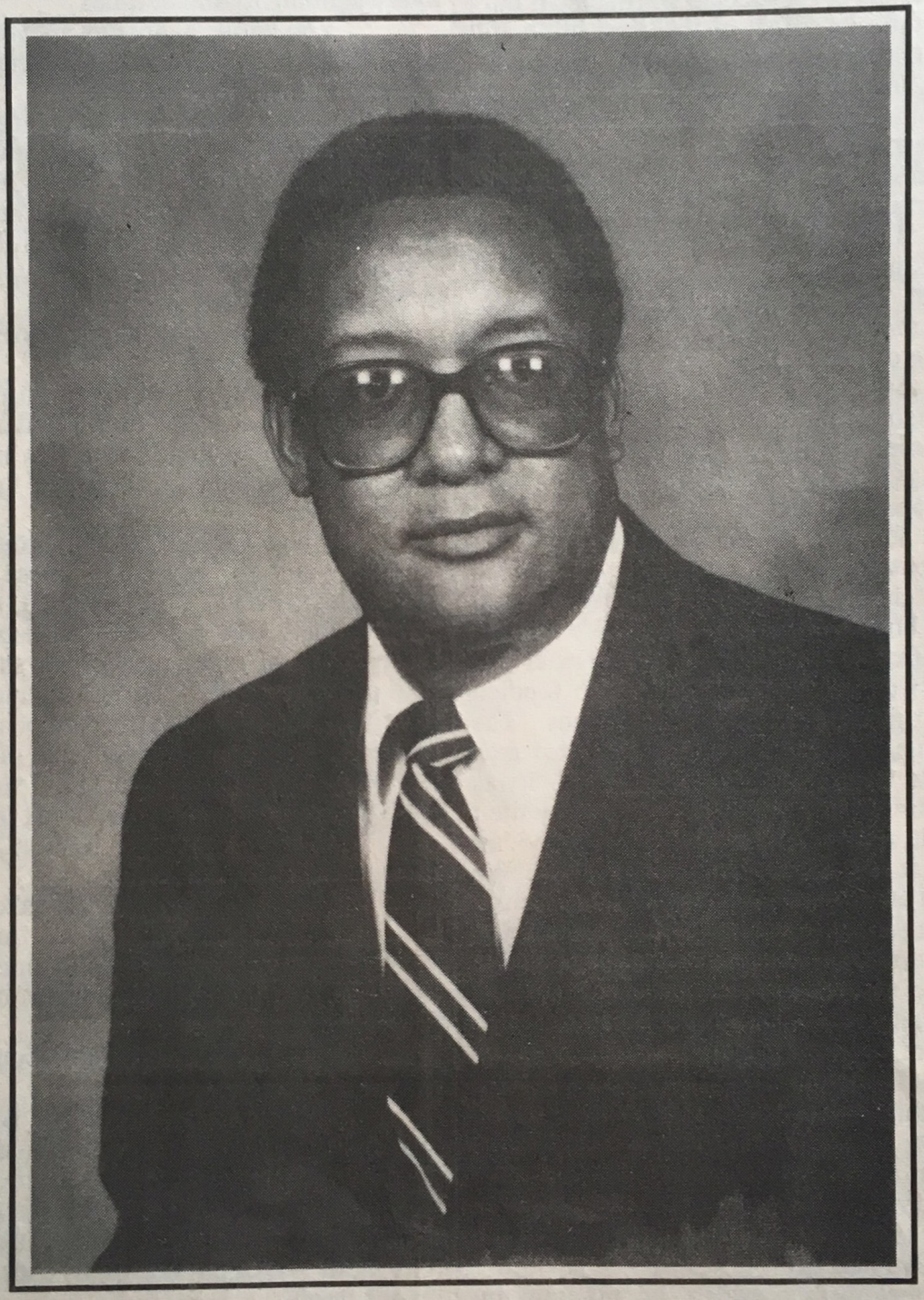
"Well, so what if they are," I said. "Shit. It looks to me like they're having a hell of a good time pleasuring each other. Who are they hurting?" I looked at Benton.

He shrugged as if to say, "Hey, I agree with you!"

[continued on page 15]

J. D.

photo by United Photographic



We've wanted **J.D.** to model for years, and finally we got our wish! This handsome Ohioan is still looking for that someone special. He'd love to have a KORV, ZIPPER, COLONEL or IRONWORKER type.

I put the magazine down and finished my drink. I was getting pretty woozy by then. It had been a long time since lunch.

"Hell," I said, "Haven't even unpacked the car. And I think I need something to eat."

Benton had been rubbing his hand over that ample bulge for several minutes and he was obviously in a very excited way. I was, too. I had not got my rocks off for months. Toward the end of Marian's life I masturbated every now and then to relieve the tension, but for the past five or six months I had no sexual release. Now the pent-up emotions had given me a rock-hard erection which I had tried to hide by crossing and recrossing my legs. In a bold move, I stretched my legs out before me and let my own bulge show. I wished I had worn shorts, but I was in long, light khakis.

"You, my friend," said Benton, "are in a bad way. It would be my great pleasure to give you some relief."

I didn't move. I looked into his eyes with yearning. I was not sure what could be done, but my recollection of the tree house experience flashed into my mind. If only . . . .

Benton stood up, undid his shorts, and let them fall to the porch floor. Protruding in front of him was a magnificently thick penis at semi-erection. I could not take my eyes from it. He was uncircumcised, to boot, and I wanted desperately to touch him.

He knelt before me and undid my belt buckle and fly. He pulled my pants off and I didn't resist. In fact, I made every move to help. Then he pulled my briefs off, letting my prick spring to attention. I closed my eyes and prayed he would suck me.

We became two little boys in a tree house, turned on by the eroticism of the moment. I was sprawled out on a comfortable porch chair and my best buddy was kneeling before me about to suck my cock. Just like a half century ago! Only this time my mother was not going to interrupt. My best friend owned this tree house and there was nobody else within sight.

I felt his mouth on my prick. Omigawd! It had been so long!

The warmth and wetness of his mouth sent waves of pleasure across my being and I shuddered in ecstasy. His hands fondled my balls and I was, at that moment, as close to heaven as I would ever get. I moaned and he groaned in response. I pictured his stiff cock in my mind and wished I could reach it.

Benton bobbed up and down, mouthing my cock, and I groaned in rhythm to his ministrations. Hardly a minute or two passed before I knew I was going to have the biggest orgasm of my life. Benton sensed it, too, and grasped my cock.

"Feel okay?" he asked in a husky voice.

"Oh, jeez, yes!" I replied. He slowly stroked my cock.

I opened my eyes and smiled at him in the dimming light. He stood up and stood close to the arm of my chair. His throbbing cock was only a foot away and I turned my head toward it. He pressed forward so that it touched my lips. I knew exactly what to do and hungrily took it in my mouth, sucking like a child who'd been denied the teat for too long. Oh, God! It felt so good to have that flesh in my mouth! The images from SWAN swam in my head as I mouthed his prick.

Suddenly he withdrew. "Damn!" he said. "Almost came! Let's save all this for later."

I couldn't wait for later. I was breathing heavily and masturbating rapidly. My balls were bursting with months of jissom and there was nothing in this world that was keeping me from popping my wad. Benton knew that there was no stopping me at that point, and he dropped to his knees between my legs. He pushed my fist away and took my cock in his own hand, pulling the head of it into his wet mouth. I let it happen. I let the sensation of this mouth overpower me and I didn't stop the surge that boiled up from within me. I didn't announce that I was going to come. I just let it happen. I knew Benton was prepared for it by the way he grasped me when the ejaculation began. It was the most delicious experience I can recall. Better, even, than coming into a vagina! A vagina cannot suck you dry the way Benton did. It cannot delicately and lovingly lick you the way Benton did. It cannot bring you to quiet the delicious repose that Benton did.

To say that my weekend at the river with Benton was something truly special would be an enormous understatement. My friend of many years became a lover, satisfying my pent-up physical and emotional needs. We were kids in a tree house discovering the joys of sex. Happy children wrapped up in the bodies of grandfathers. At long last I had someone to hold, to confide in. I was, for the first time in years, blissfully happy.

Benton and I are not alone. Today we have a circle of intimate male friends whose ages range from the mid-fifties to nearly 75. Every now and then at least a half-dozen of us gather for a few days at Benton's log house on the river. We fish, canoe, walk in the woods, sit and talk. When the mood sweeps over us we suck and fuck.

It won't last forever and one never knows when the grim reaper will appear at the door. But at this moment I count these as the "golden years." I pray I may have many more of them .

THE NAVIGATOR is an over-60 soul trying to demonstrate that an ancient southern mariner is not only up for the challenge of wind and sea, but for gentler adventures as well. This South Carolina writer only recently discovered the world of C. R.

THE FICTION OF KENN RICHIE

WINDFLOWER

I heard a thumping sound in the living room. It startled me enough to pop my eyes open, fully awake, yet it was of no serious concern. Sylvia, the cranky old bitch of an alley cat who thought herself regal, was simply at work obeying the feline law that all things belong on the floor.

Michael, lying beside me, hadn't responded to the sound, but I somehow knew he was awake. I lay back, quiet and still, not wanting to interrupt his process of drifting to solid slumber, as Sylvia had done to mine. I acknowledged that my bed was unfamiliar to Michael, and even as tired as he was, sleep wouldn't come quickly. I closed my eyes and withheld the temptation to chuckle over the fact that we were both pretending to be sleeping for the sake of the other.

The young, starry-eyed, workaholic children at the theatre had worn us ragged. They had no qualms about letting the rehearsal run to well after two in the morning, but for us, cast in the roles of the feuding grandfathers, it had been an ordeal. Michael had a job to clock-punch in the morning. He could call in, but with only two more years before retirement, he was reluctant to threaten his image as a punctual, perfect-record employee. While I had no time demands, I still had my own activities and household chores that would habitually wake me around eight. We'd piled into bed complaining about the energy of eager young actors, College students for the most part, but then laughed at ourselves for having been the worse children of the company, answering an open audition notice at our ages!

The fact that Michael lived in the suburbs, some thirty miles from the theatre, made it only logical that I ask him to spend the night. In fact, when he called the married daughter he lived with, I suggested he might consider rooming with me at least to the end of the week, through the technical, dress and opening of the show. He seemed to like the idea, but was apologetic about imposing. I was pretty sure I'd talk him into it over breakfast.

Michael tossed about rather suddenly, bouncing the king sized bed with the move to lie on his side facing me. He also managed to pull the sheet down to my knees. I had no complaints. I hadn't had the air conditioner on during the day, and it seemed unnecessary when we came in so late. But a heat wave had toasted the city for several days, and even the sheet alone had become a bit too warm. Had I been alone, I'd not have bothered to wear my boxer shorts, either.

I didn't know too much about Michael, but I liked him as a new friend and fellow late-start, amateur actor. I envied him a little, I think. Oh, I joked about my jealousy that his role in the play was better than mine, but that had been only a pleasant source of conversation. (He had a second act speech about the gentle beauty of a windflower that was certain to get applause.) More than the role, I think, I envied Michael for the house in the suburbs, the daughter and the grandchild on the way. I'd worked hard for years to own this condo in town, to have roommates or lovers over the years as I wished, but to be master of my urban domain, close to all the glitter and the action. The party had started to shut me out, however, when my hair began turning grey or disappearing. The condo now seemed to grow larger and more empty every day. I often had cause to think about the traditional values of the heterosexual life style, and to wonder if the life I'd chosen might have overlooked the instinctive need to have a family. Mine were choices made long ago, I had no real regrets, but I thought about it often.

I began to feel a gentle touch against my shorts at the top of my leg. Michael's hand had fallen there as he finally went to sleep, I thought, or Sylvia had decided to join us.

Without moving, I opened one eye to peer down across my body. The only decent illumination was a streak from the hall, through the slightly ajar bedroom door. I'd left the light on in case Michael needed to find the bathroom during the night, but it now splashed across my body to spotlight my right nipple. With due respect for mythology, Narcissus would have been embarrassed by the attention that light and I gave that tiny bump of flesh. It was a puzzle of nature to many as to why a man should have such a thing, but to a gay man, it was certainly no mystery! The erotic sensations available from mere touch, let alone serious play, were beyond question.

As I tightened my focus and stared at it for a moment, I saw only pure hot-spot, erotic zone and master turn-on switch. At the moment, in its pin spot of light, I felt a sense of pride for never having mutilated it by piercing, nor toughened or enlarged it by excessive use. It was still the pert little pink bump I'd had as a boy. As I watched, with memories of lips that had been on it, I saw it harden as if in anticipation that it might be fondled. Tiny chest hairs surrounding it began to sparkle in the spotlight. It was all very theatrical.

Theatre had become a hobby too late in my life to suppose I'd ever be more than an adequate actor on a nonprofessional level, but I felt called on to do an award-level performance now. I couldn't let this situation go on all night; there had to be some sort of conclusion, one way or the other! If he was only pretending to sleep, and actually toying with the notion of "sneaking a feel," I might suppose he also pulled the sheet down a few minutes earlier. Such an effort would deserve my applause and a reward! Yet, if it was pure accident, I could lose a good friend!

There seemed no choice but to let it be my turn to pretend to toss in my sleep. If I did so, turning away from him, it could put a stop to the game, but the mystery would remain. If I turned toward him, I might still be able to convince him that it was inadvertent if I needed, but it might also call for a showdown.

I took a moment to calculate our positions. He was lying on his side, several inches lower on the bed than me. If I rolled toward him, my other nipple would be directly in front of his nose. As I had been considering a pap's ability to be an erotic starting place, it seemed suitable. A soft, sleeping, moaning sound would be effective, I thought.

"Mmmmmmmmmm."

The vocal might have been a bit too much, but it helped motivate the move. This was no time to overplay the scene or pad my part. I managed to come to rest with a full view of my hardened nub barely four or five inches before his slightly parted lips. Again, I had to struggle against an urge to chuckle, for I felt like a fisherman, dangling a juicy bit of bait before a golden carp! A sliver of the spotlight now fell across his brow, and yes indeed, he appeared golden. His natural complexion was that of wheat field amber, one that Max Factor took years to perfect. His was a beautiful face, rich with character and etched with care and kindness by every line. It's probably why he got the better part. The party probably wouldn't turn from him as quickly as it had from me. Before that beautiful face, I presented my chest with its wads of shadowy hair resembling gutter debris, with a pap like a wad of discarded bubble gum. Yet, I hoped. A fisherman always hopes the bait looks good enough for the fish to nibble.

As I tormentingly thrilled to the soft warm breath stirring through the forest of my chest hair, I thought I could hear his voice delivering that windflower speech so beautifully. At the same time, the rudeness of my pose was growing more and more uncomfortable. I suddenly realized that during my turn, I had managed to allow my cock to spear through the slit of my shorts, and it was growing harder with my every heart beat. It was virtually dancing just inches over the back of his hand. I thought I'd gone too far, and considered another quick turn away from him, but the hope, the dream of having my fantasy come true, prompted me to linger. As in a game of chess, it was now his turn to move, and I didn't want to rush him.

There was no performance about it when it came. He made no attempt to try to have it appear accidental. He simply leaned forward and brushed his lips over my jutting nipple. His tongue began toying with it playfully.

I rolled my body closer to him, pushing it into his mouth. My hardened cock rested on his hand, which he quickly turned over in order to rest my length in his palm, then curl his fingers around. Before he could take a solid grasp, I interrupted by reaching down to pull my shorts down my legs. My other arm burrowed under his trim body to pull him even closer into my now gasping, heaving chest. The windflower softness of his lips sent jolts of excitement through my entire body.

He hummed in pleasure, then wriggled down the bed, his lips pausing to baby kiss my tingling flesh along the way. It pleased me, for some reason, that he did not fumble about with his hands, but simply placed his lips on the round bulb of cock head, and gently sucked it deeper into the soft, warm textures of his mouth and throat.

A thousand thoughts may have danced through my mind, not the least of which was my desire to serve him as he was now serving me. He'd worked his way down the bed, beyond my reach to tug at his shorts, to fondle his manhood or to urge him to other positions or more passionate action. The windflower speech spoke of simple pleasures, of not trying to love as intensely as possible, but to savor each touch for its own joy. While my instinct and impulse was to turn him about and eagerly sixty-nine, I surrendered to his decision that no more was needed than this. Nothing more was asked of me, but that I lie still and accept the thrill I was receiving. There was no need, even for hands to stroke and caress.

It would have been glorious if it could have lasted forever, but this was not to be. Perhaps I had too eagerly anticipated this in my hopes and dreams, perhaps I'd over-rehearsed it in my mind, but all too soon I was whimpering a warning, and straining my body in a hopeless attempt to prolong the inevitable. He sensed my climax approaching, then took me deeply. The performance had ended. I wanted an immediate encore with the roles reversed.

"You ham actors are all alike," he finally teased in a whisper. "Save something for tomorrow night."

"Then, you'll stay the rest of the week?"

"If you'll have me."

"Oh, I'll have you all right," I warned. "I'll have you often!"

Much as we both needed sleep, it began to seem it would be impossible, for we suddenly had so much to talk about. We soon discovered that while I envied his family life in the suburbs, he longed to have a place in the city, rather than intrude on his daughter and son-in-law, especially with a baby on the way. He then revealed that they knew of his gay preferences, and had no problems accepting that.

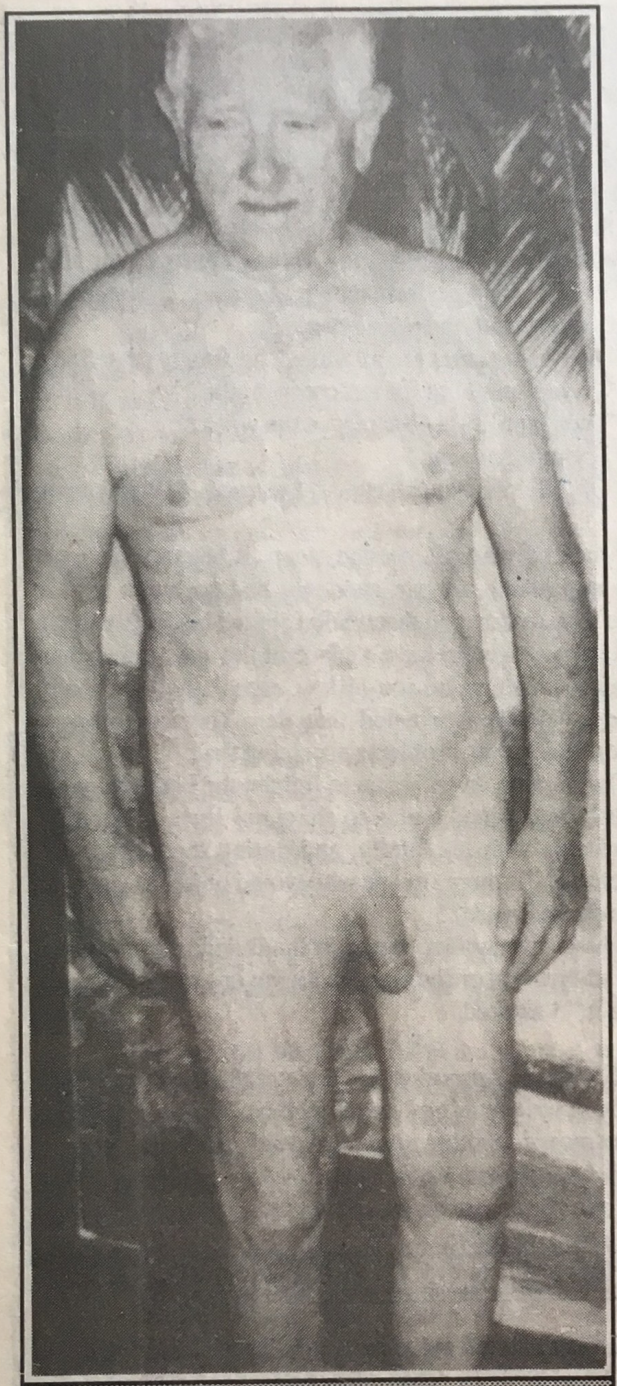
By the time dawn began to lighten the bedroom window, we had determined a plan to share our lives. We could spend weekends with his family, and during the week we'd share my condo. "Is there anyone who would object to your not being here on weekends?"

There was another thump in the living room. Sylvia either had an opinion, or she was practicing law again. "She'll get used to it," I assured.

KENN RICHIE is the pseudonym of one of the finest and most prolific fiction writers in gay erotica today. This Los Angeles senior is an award-winning playwright and successful screenwriter. His heart is with us, however. A powerfully insightful man, he is one of our best supporters and reserves his outstanding opinion pieces for CR.

PROFILES OF COVER MODELS

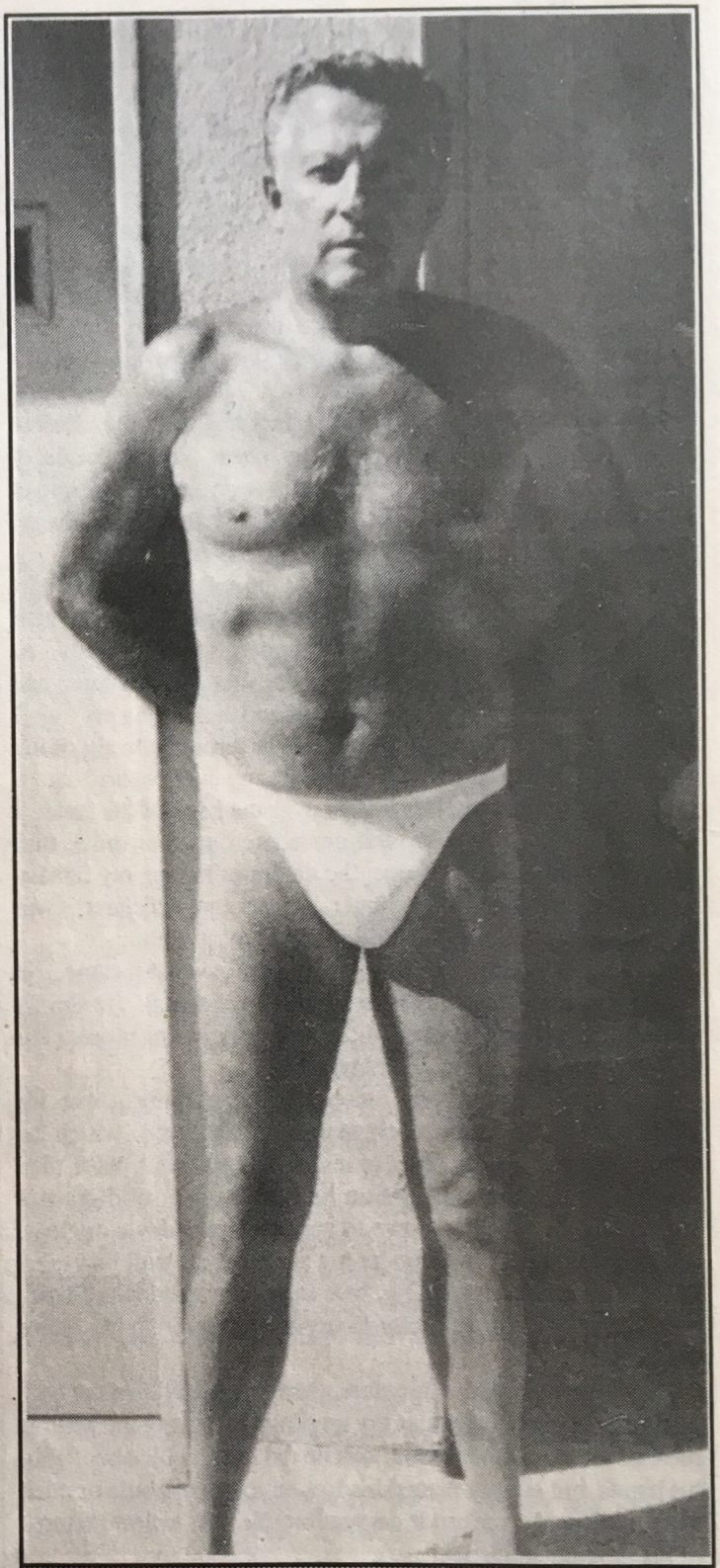
THE COLONEL is the super model partner of super photographer KENT JUSTICE. These special men were there in the beginning when we needed support and haven't wavered since. T.C. and K.J. live in Southern Mississippi near New Orleans. **PAPA BEAR** is 61, 5'-9", 228#, magnetic and AVAILABLE. He's also shy, sensitive and exceptionally intelligent, and was reluctant to do a nude shot. The lucky man who wins PAPA BEAR will look beyond the brawny, sizzling exterior and seek the courageous man of substance inside--a man who needs a special partner, preferably between 30 and 50. **THOM** is the new name for THE BIKER, who no longer has his bike. We love his new image, though. At 67, he's a rugged, outdoors type who retired from the construction industry and now lives in the Florida panhandle. He enjoys the company of masculine, younger men. **THE SHEIK** is a single, 33-year-old San Franciscan who likes mature men and is quite available. He's not really Arabic, but the garb looked like such a great prop. Timely, too!



LEO

. . . photo by EARL

This handsome, grey-haired man is Bi, 74, 5'-7" and 175 pounds. He loves cuddling, kissing, French passive and quiet evenings. He seeks someone 50-70 who wants to share his home in a monogamous relationship.



CAL

. . . photo by OZZ

This Southern Californian is 52, 5'-10" and 190 pounds. He likes men over 40, the desert, beaches, lots of sun and travel.

THE HEALING TOUCH . . . fiction by ROYCE

Wilson was fast growing tired of the countless repetition: one, two, one, two, one, two. The track where he walked every evening, weather permitting, had become Wilson's second home in the past year. Walking around the track was at times boring to him, but, since his car accident (a bad time both physically and mentally) a little over a year past, he had to resign himself to walking—his left knee wouldn't hold up to the constant pounding of even a slow jog.

Now Wilson was finally growing used to his new routine. Coupled with some swimming and a little weight lifting, he was staying reasonably within the health parameters he and the doctors had set. At 51, Wilson enjoyed being physically active, felt good about his physique. He kept consistently around his ideal weight of 185 pounds; he liked the way it sat on his 5'-9" frame. The tan, bald scalp which was his most prominent feature contrasted quite well with his still shapely muscles and semi-hairy body. Wilson felt himself to be on the slightly beefy side and was *generally* attracted to the same. Sometimes, smaller men drove him crazy . . . .

Crunch . . . crunch . . . crunch . . . .

The sounds of an approaching runner brought Wilson out of his reverie in time to see one of the tightest butts on an older man that he'd ever seen. Briskly jogging away with Wilson's eyes glued to every detail, the runner was an almost slight man close to sixty—Wilson's height, about 165 pounds—and possessed of a tight musculature. It wasn't "pumped up" like that of a younger body-builder, but it was still well-formed. The man stopped a few yards ahead of Wilson, walking slowly while breathing slower and massaging a sweaty neck with one almost bony hand below snow-white hair.

Wilson felt a familiar tension in his shorts at the thought of following that gorgeously tight, small body (the main exception to his "beefy" rule) around and around the track. Maybe walking wasn't so bad after all. A few moments later, the man began to slow noticeably and at the same time tried to look back over his left shoulder at Wilson. Wilson's breath quickened; something in the man's profile at once aroused and worried Wilson. Some how/where, Wilson knew this man, and it wasn't under the most pleasant of circumstances.

Finally the man stopped until he was even with Wilson, began walking next to the now puzzled walker, and turned with a hearty "hello" while extending his right hand. Recognition flashed in Wilson's eyes as he sheepishly returned the greeting, feeling off-balance inside for the first time since his accident.

"Wilson, right?" the man asked matter-of-factly.

"Yes . . . Wilson Sommers," he stammered back.

"Ed Turner."

Silence.

"You've kept yourself fit after last year," Ed offered.

"I've tried . . . and thanks . . . both for the compliment and your help. You're one hell of a nurse," Wilson returned.

Silence.

"You know, if there's anything about your stay in the hospital you'd like to talk about . . . ." Ed left it open.

"Actually, yes." Flatly, then with a little relaxation, Wilson added, "should I make an appointment sometime?"

"Oh, nothing *that* formal," Ed said conversationally. "Look. The sun's well on its way to saying good night. I live just a couple of blocks from here." He glanced at Wilson to see if the bigger man's interest was still there; it was. "Why don't we go and have some wine or coffee or whatever?"

Wilson noticed that Ed was smiling an open—albeit lewd—smile, letting him know that talk was okay, but so was anything else. The bigger man relaxed a little more and smiled back, feeling the cloth between his legs grow taut.

But walking to Ed's house, Wilson's mind was scattershot with images and sensations from his accident. Of the actual wreck, little memory remained save for a vague gnawing fear that he was finally putting aside. Then in the ER, the dread of hearing the doctor announce that he might lose his left leg. No one that he could see noticed him flinch on hearing that except . . . Wilson remembered a slight yet strong hand grasp his, allowing him to choke back a scream. The touch helped, and now he was certain that it *was* Ed's.

Immediately after the operation, Wilson had a reaction to some medication and babbled almost nonstop for two days. During that time, Ed had been his chief nurse and had listened to everything from his childhood stories to his being gay (a little known fact in the community) to his mortal fear of being completely helpless. Certainly, much of what was said was heightened by the trauma he went through. But what upset him (and unknown to him, Ed) most was the quick, strong, almost obsessive dependency he formed for Ed. It grew so fast that in a couple of days he would not even try to sleep if Ed wasn't in the room. The relationship grew chiefly out of his fears of helplessness and need to assert himself over the situation. He needed to feel the illusion called "control" at a time he very much felt out of control.

All too quickly, Ed was reassigned to another patient, and Wilson had to work through "all this shit," as he told his doctor, by himself. Months later, he found out that Ed's transfer was a disciplinary action. It seems that the hospital administrator believed Ed to have fostered the relationship. Yes. They had much to talk about.

They reached Ed's two-story wood frame home in a quiet section of town just as the first chill of the night began to tickle the hair on the back of their necks. Any sweat they had produced had long since dried, and the afterthought of moisture only served to heighten the feeling of possible cold.

To warm up, they had coffee.

And they talked. About the town they lived in. People they both knew who were and were not gay. A few friends they had in common. Movies. Books. Food—which lead to wine in the living room on the sofa, quite close together. More talk, small talk. About everything but the real issue.

Later, neither had finished the first glass of wine. Wilson took a slow breath and decided to break the barrier. "Well," he started, mouth gone suddenly dry. "I'm sorry for any trouble you got into . . . back then."

Ed smiled. It was as sincere as Wilson's apology. "Part of what happened," he began, "part of it was that I lost sight of my job."

Wilson felt a wall wanting to break down in the other man and mouthed a well-timed "go on."

Ed held his near-empty glass like a shield, kicked his shoes off under the coffee table, and drew his legs under him on the sofa. "I couldn't help myself—maybe didn't want to. But here was this beautiful man in pain. I had to help," he said in a quiet rush. "I know I overstepped myself and in a very real way, I took advantage of you."

Wilson partly grimaced, partly smiled. "In a way you did." He saw the beginnings of hurt in Ed's eyes. "But, I was hurting, in too many ways. You—*we* responded to each other on an emotional level that I needed. And . . . " *Here it comes*, he thought. " . . . I've often wondered what would have happened if we'd been able to continue."

There. It was out. The monster that lurked in the shadows of both their thoughts for months. They had been attracted to each other from the start but were caught in a fairly bizarre situation. Was it a twisted doctor-patient scenario? Or dare they hope for something more? Each in his own way had opened, had shown something private to the other.

But.

"If I did take advantage of you," Ed said with a quiver to his voice and putting down his glass, "there is one way to help put things right." He reached out to Wilson, took his hand, pulled him closer.

Wilson's breath left him in a long, slow hiss that ended in a rumble that was almost a growl. He pulled Ed the final distance to him, wrapping the smaller man inside his arms for a hug tight enough to almost be physically unpleasant.

Both slowly reclined until Ed was pinned beneath the larger man. Wilson began kissing Ed's face down to the neck, then nipping harder and harder as their mutual lust increased. Ed whispered an impassioned plea for more.

Wilson felt something brutal rise up inside: a desire to get back what Ed seemed to have taken. Imagine a child throwing a tantrum because its parent won't let it do something ultimately harmful. As both parent and child, Wilson muttered a strangled "No!," got up, and sat at the other end of the sofa. "You . . . you didn't do a thing wrong in the hospital, Ed." Wilson sat, quite still, eyes misting over. "We didn't do a thing wrong. Except maybe stop too soon."

"No," Ed said quietly. "We stopped at the right time for what happened. You . . . needed . . . to go through the rest alone to recover some sense of your self. But," a slight hesitation, "we *can* try it again."

In response, Wilson held open his arms and let Ed snuggle in. "Yes. Let's do just that," he began, some of the heavier emotions leaving his voice.

The sun rose the next morning and found them asleep together, on the sofa, happy.

***

"To our six-month anniversary," they said in unison.

Wilson's eyes flashed a quick, bitter glow as he sourly thought: *our first and last.*

Ed caught the look and flinched inwardly. He gingerly put his wine glass on the coffee table. "Come on, Will," he began soothingly. "We've talked ourselves silly. This decision is for both of us. It just isn't working out the way we hoped."

"I know . . . I know," Wilson added. "It's just . . . well . . . you'd think two guys our age would be able to make a relationship work. I mean . . . all we've been through in our lives . . . ." He let it hang in the silence.

"Age is not equal to perfection," Ed said softly. "You know we'll always be friends."

Wilson slowly shook his head *yes*, tears beginning to fill his sight.

Ed pulled him close, whispered, "Dinner can wait," and began ushering Wilson upstairs.

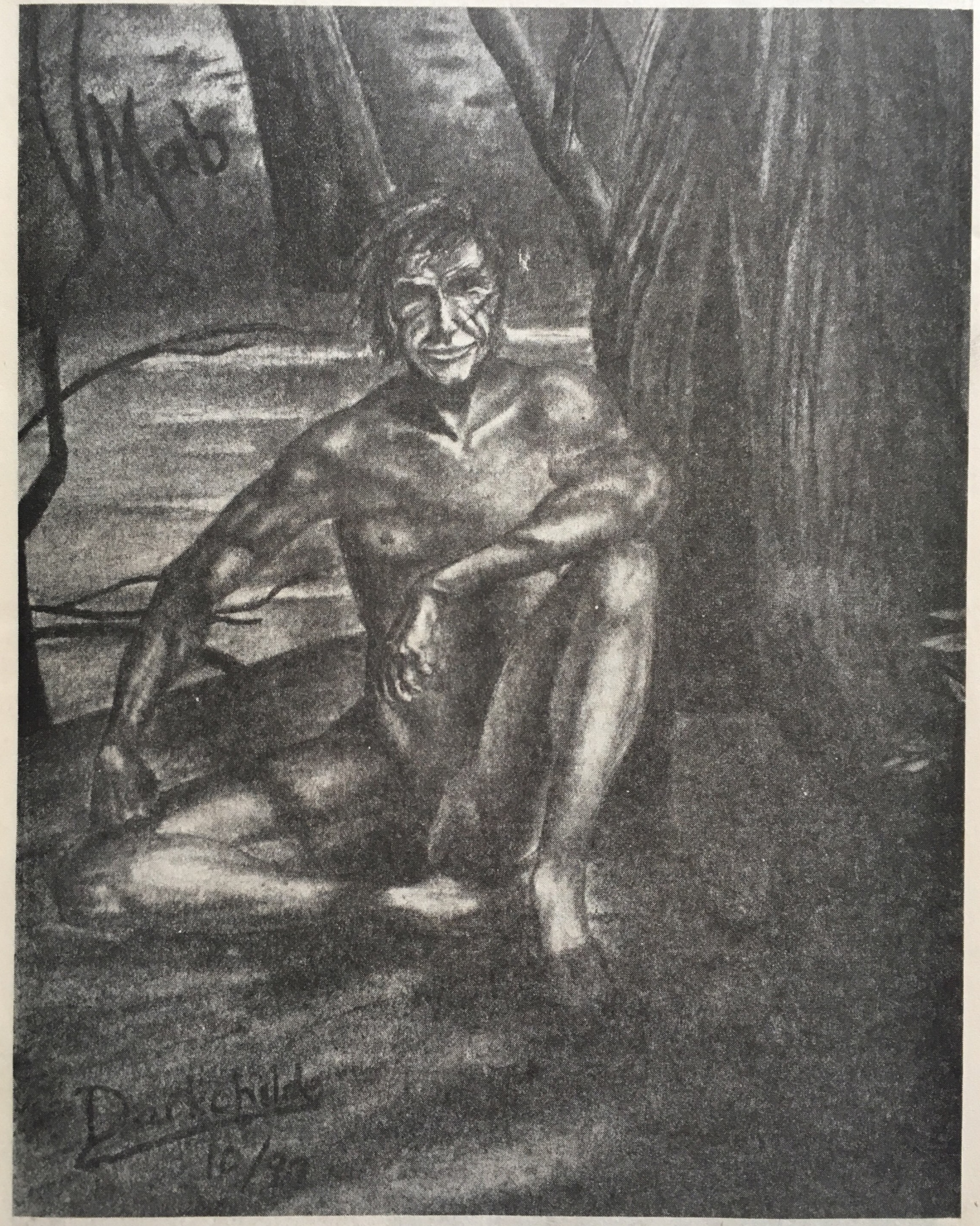
Nothing needed to be said. They resolutely went upstairs, both overshadowed by the thought that this would be their last time together, in this sense. In the past six months, Ed and Wilson had taken great delight in knowing each other, both in the sack and out. Yet, they felt something was missing. Certainly, they'd remain best buddies, close friends, pals. But, they weren't sure that that essential something which turns infatuation into love was there. Yes, they loved each other; it just didn't feel like a lover's love. Maybe, they believed separately, maybe it had come too easily when it had finally happened.

Both felt it, somewhat accepted it. Now was the time they would act on this knowledge. They had decided on one last night as a "couple," then a week with no contact (except for emergencies), and finally a weekend trip with friends. The trip would help them to keep in touch while feeling the boundaries of their new friendship. Tonight, they had planned on dinner, bar-talk with friends, sex, then parting. But the need in both men for one last tumble, before changes set in, overrode dinner and friends. Their bodies knew that they had things to settle.

As they walked into the small bedroom at the head of the stairs, Ed noticed that Wilson was carrying the bottle of wine they had started on earlier. He reached for it to set it aside, but Wilson had other ideas. Wilson carefully set the bottle at the foot of the king-size bed that dominated the room, then sat Ed down on one of the posts of the late-Victorian bed frame. Ed played with Wilson's ears and bald pate as the bigger man took both their shirts off with deft, quick movements.

Ed squirmed on the post with building excitement. He pulled Wilson to him and began nibbling on the semi-hairy chest, staying away from the nipples as long as both men could stand it. Wilson somehow managed to get both men's pants and shoes off before taking Ed backwards onto the bed; Ed felt the coolness of the blanket on his back contrast to the heat coming from Wilson's body slowly lowering on top. Wilson settled on Ed with exciting familiarity, cock down between Ed's legs and gently brushing against Ed's backside. Wilson was by no means big, but he was thick and could stay hard for some time after he climaxed, at least long enough to help Ed get

[continued on page 22]



DARKCHILDE is a Chicago area portrait and fantasy artist who's into older chubbies.

release.

Wilson started to slowly kiss Ed, putting his arms under his partner's shoulders. Then he dug the balls of his feet into the blankets, giving himself support to rise a little off of Ed and begin slowly rubbing their torsos together. Ed felt the hairs on Wilson's stomach and chest caress him like myriad, tiny fingers, touching him for all the times in the future that they would not share. Ed's eyes began to mist over, and Wilson's tongue was quickly there to lick them dry. Ed was overcome by a melancholy lust, already missing their time together. Wilson whispered a grovelly "sh" in Ed's left ear then chuckled with absurd, playful amusement as he rubbed their feet together because he left one of Ed's socks on. Yes, they both would miss the details of their time together.

From the rubbing together, Wilson rose to a crouch and began scooting up on Ed until he straddled the smaller man's chest, balls resting on Ed's throat. Laughing with mock evil, Wilson bent forward, placing the end of his cock to Ed's lips, brushing them just out of reach of a very eager mouth. Ed's tongue shot out to lick the bottom of Wilson's cock, pushing the foreskin back, then running up the front of the fairly large head to the drop of clear pre-cum bubbling at the slit. In one motion, Wilson dropped into Ed's mouth, momentarily gagging Ed until his throat relaxed and began taking the cock deep inside. Wilson stayed in until he felt Ed's body buck once, twice, thrice in trying to gasp for air; Ed had long ago gotten over any fear associated with the sensation and realized that with a partner he trusted (as he did Wilson), air would soon follow.

Wilson pulled out at the third shudder, his short-n-curlies wet with a mix of saliva and seepage. Ed quickly calmed his breathing, so he could refill his lungs for the next bout. As his breath grew softer and deeper, Wilson took the first two fingers of Ed's right hand and wet them first in his mouth and then in his crotch. Ed ran his fingers up Wilson's sweaty crack and slowly slipped them both inside where they nestled tight, warm, and secure. *Like we are . . . were . . . together*, Ed thought; the tone of his body shifted, leading towards the morose. Wilson grunted as he shoved back into Ed, sensing his partner's building mood. His pleasure centers began to fire as Ed smoothly, evenly ran in and out, in and out, setting up a rhythm that would shortly make him climax.

No, Wilson thought, *it's too soon.* I'm not ready to leave. He began to relax inside Ed's mouth, then it was Ed's turn to catch the impending shift in events. He began ramming his fingers fairly hard into Wilson while not too gently chewing on his cock. The chewing Wilson didn't mind, and he rewarded Ed's sensitivity by oozing even more pre-cum which was quickly swallowed. The ass-play was not bad to Wilson, but not really pleasant, reminding him that Ed had been trying to help him overcome his reluctance to being fucked—a reluctance which came from feelings of helplessness still lingering from Wilson's accident. Wilson slowly realized that that help may never occur, if they stuck to their decision. *Ed seems so sure,* Wilson thought. *Guess I'll have to stick with it, too.*

Then, Wilson belatedly realized that Ed was on his fourth out-of-breath jerk. Wilson quickly and gently pulled out of Ed as Ed's fingers followed suit. A look of lusty apology was on Wilson's face, as he moved to kiss Ed. In his partner's eyes Wilson saw laughter, joy, lust, and the hint of something else that went unrecognized as both men's lips shared a passionately wet, salty kiss.

Wilson reluctantly pulled off Ed and turned to the foot of the bed, brushing over Ed's semi-flaccid cock while reaching for the bottle of wine. Taking a small sip, Wilson swallowed all but a few drops. Bending over, Wilson smeared the last drops of wine onto the head of Ed's cock, making certain that some found its way into the large slit. Ed moaned and squirmed with delight; his extra-sensitive head ached pleasantly from the alcohol in the wine. Ed became erect quickly, fast enough that Wilson gagged while he was sucking. Successfully putting the bottle on the floor, Wilson eased his back-end around and over Ed, letting the smaller man reclaim a firm mouth-hold on his cock. Ed reached up and grabbed Wilson's ankles as he was stretching out; Wilson did the same. Then with both men as physically close as possible in this position, they began rolling back and forth across the bed, letting their weight and the bed's buoyancy alternately impale and pull out their cocks. After three quick tumbles, both men were ready to climax. Wilson rolled off and onto his back, both breathing hard and comforted by the proximity of the other.

Wilson lay on his side facing inwards to Ed's crotch. Ed's wet, hard cock throbbed alongside Wilson's cheek, jumping in concert with both men's heartbeats. Ed was in a similar position but after a few seconds rest began licking the shaft of Wilson's cock. Wilson moaned as the lust grew in him again, moaned as he realized that their time together might soon end. Ed began sucking roughly on Wilson's balls, causing the bigger man to gasp with little involuntary shots of pleasure.

I know Ed seems sure. The thought forced its way into Wilson's mind. *But I have doubts about us staying and leaving.* "Ed," Wilson gasped, pulling away. "Let's talk."

"Now? . . . okay," Ed answered weakly, caught between lust and an equal need to talk. "If you want to leave . . . before we finish . . . ." The rest trailed off, disappointment and regret unspoken but not unnoticed.

"No! No, it isn't that," Wilson quickly added. "Just, well, we've talked and talked but I still have doubts . . ."

"That's why the separation," Ed interrupted, "so we can each work out the doubts."

"Uh, uh. My doubts are about leaving," Wilson began strongly but ended quietly. "I know you're sure this is right."

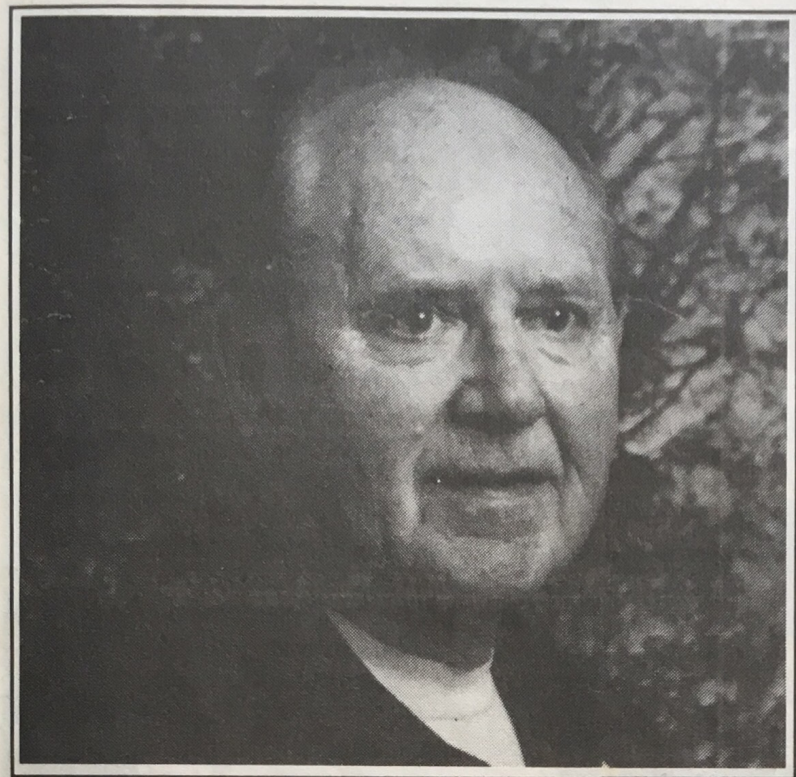
"No, not at all sure," Ed said as he swung around to lay facing Wilson. "But, I'm not too good at working things out without some separation." A hint of playfulness in his voice got by his partner.

Wilson's eyes began to water, so Ed gently wiped them dry with his thumbs, while bending over to lightly kiss him.

"Long enough."

Then, they really made love.

ROYCE, another CR discovery, is a handsome, 30-year-old East Texan. He introduces a fresh, unique approach to fiction and poetry.



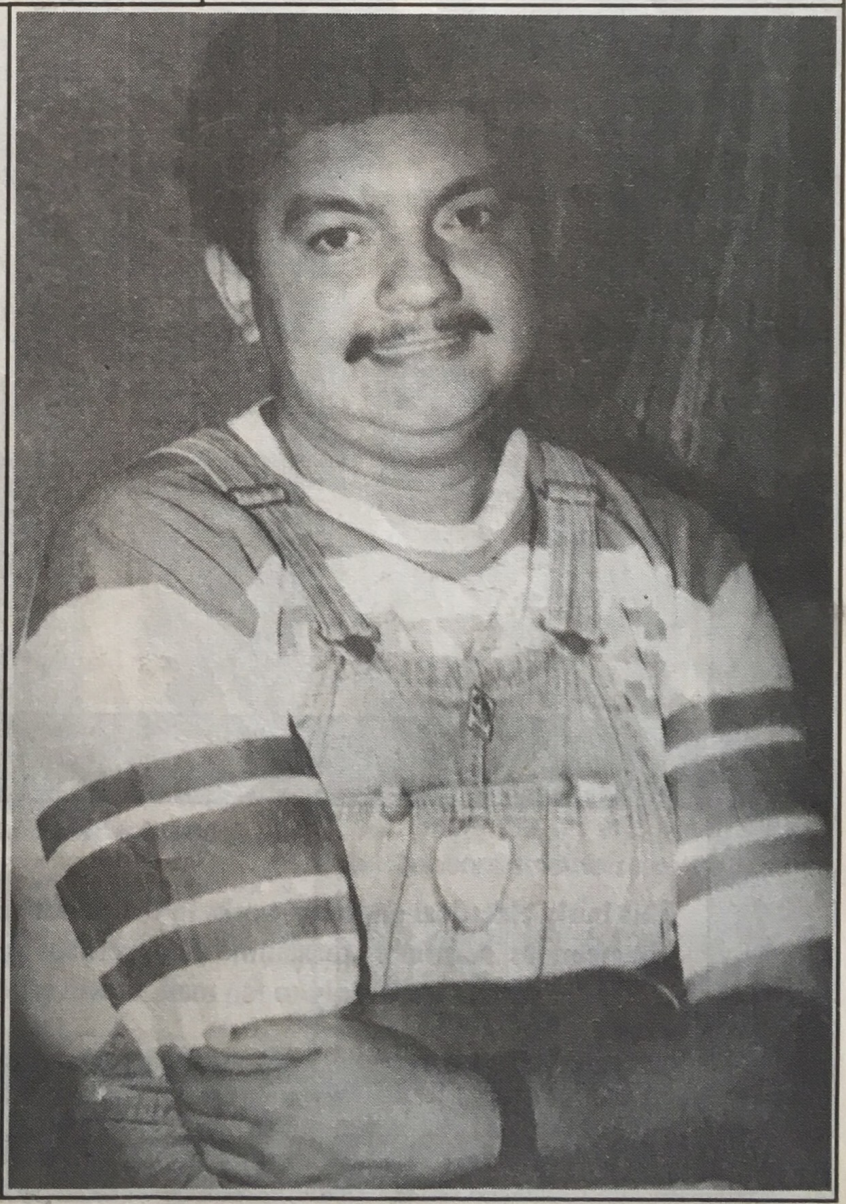
DOUG

photo by SIMBA

He turned 70 last July and hasn't lost a step. DOUG, left, is healthy, honest, masculine and passionate. He's retired now, but he's done it all and has some pretty impressive stories to tell. He seeks 55+ real men who are discreet, French passive and masculine.

MOON'S RAY

photo by CHARTON NOGUEIRA



This 30-year-old Brazilian has golden skin, a chubby, smiling face and dreamful eyes. He seeks American, active, masculine pen pals, any age, whether heavy, hairy or even handicapped. Write to him in English.

SNIPE

photo by SIMBA

This burly electrical engineer works in the Middle East and resides in Tampa. If you like fearless, certifiably masculine men, perhaps you should try to meet SNIPE. Be patient for a reply to fan mail, however. He travels extensively.

TWO FROM JOHN McNEILL

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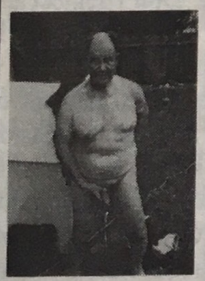

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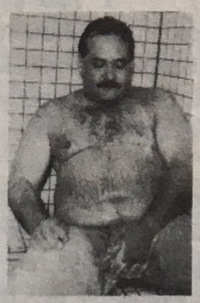

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PROPER DIET ESSENTIAL FOR ELDERLY

When we age, our bones lose minerals. When enough minerals are lost, we become susceptible to osteoporosis, which causes bones to break more easily and heal more slowly. Since milk is naturally rich in calcium and fortified with vitamin D—both factors in maintaining strong bones—it's no wonder that health organizations recommend a pint daily for older people. They also advise more consumption of green, leafy vegetables (broccoli, kale, turnip and mustard greens) and other dairy products—all sources of calcium. According to the American Dietetic Association, seniors should add cheese to macaroni, sandwiches and salads and dilute canned cream soups with milk instead of water. People watching their weight or blood cholesterol level should choose low-fat or skim dairy products. More tips: Drink six to eight cups of liquid daily, including at least two or three glasses of water. Caffeinated beverages should be consumed in moderation because caffeine increases urination and may prevent you from meeting your fluid needs. Fruits and vegetables contain important vitamins which are not found in other types of foods, and fresh produce is an important source of fiber, which aids regularity. You never outgrow your need for a proper diet.

A NEW GENERATION

Did you know that there are now 3.3 million Americans over 85? And that figure is expected to rise to 4.9 million by the turn of the century. Gerontologists are calling this emerging generation the "old-old" or the "oldest old." In the '80s, the over-85 set increased 34 percent, second only to the 35-44 age category, which increased 42 percent. Currently, 55 Americans a day reach 100! The movers and shakers are scratching their heads, trying to figure out how to function with so many "old-old" in the picture. Health care will be the number one issue for this generation and a critical issue for younger seniors. Will this country finally be forced into a national health care program? Could this mean that America's youth-oriented culture is doomed?

A PROMISING NEW DRUG

Dr. Thomas Starzl, head of the University of Pittsburgh's transplant program, says that a drug taken by transplant recipients to prevent organ rejection will be tested on diabetics to see if it helps them fight the disease. The drug, FK-506, has previously shown promise in reversing the effects of some types of skin diseases, leading researchers to study whether it will halt the onset of a related type of diabetes. About 800 transplant patients in Pittsburgh have taken the drug since February 1989 to prevent their white blood cells from rejecting donor organs. Starzl said that the drug also shows promise in treating auto-immune diseases, in which the body's white cells destroy healthy cells. The FDA has approved a two-year test of the drug on 60 Type 1 diabetes patients, whose white cells destroy their pancreas' insulin-producing factories, requiring that the person take insulin shots to survive. "We are anxious to get the information out that there is something that could switch off this disease," Starzl said. FK-506 has already reversed the effects of psoriasis, a skin disease that creates unsightly lesions, in all six patients who took it. The drug also reversed the effects of pyoderma gangrenosum, a rare skin ulcer, in six of seven patients. "We're seeing some very dramatic recoveries," said Starzl, who performed the world's first successful human liver transplant in 1967. FK-506, which is derived from a fungus, is taken orally twice a day. It is manufactured by the Fujisawa Pharmaceutical Company of Japan.

GRIEF

This year, an estimated 800,000 American adults will grieve the loss of a spouse or partner, according to the Mayo Clinic Health Letter. The consequences of losing someone you love can be both complex and long-lasting. But just as grieving has a beginning, it also should have an end. With time, the support of family members and close friends, and your own understanding of the grieving process, your pain eventually should diminish. The following are ways to help you move through your grief as gently as possible:

1. Resume your daily routine. The sooner you can return to your normal daily activities the better. Go back to work, stay involved in religious activities and remain socially active. However, try not to make major decisions, such as to sell your home, shortly after the loss of someone you love.

2. Talk about your feelings. Talking helps you to accept and resolve your loss. It also gives others a chance to assure you that your reactions are normal . . . or to detect responses that are not.

3. Take care of your health. Research shows that bereavement following the death of a spouse makes you more susceptible to physical illness or even dying. Don't neglect any medical problems you had before the loss of your partner. If you develop new symptoms, see your doctor.

4. Know when to get help. Ten to 20 percent of widowed persons develop symptoms of clinical depression such as weights loss, social withdrawal, insomnia or crying spells that persist for a year or more after their loss. Depression is a treatable psychiatric disorder that can complicate the normal grieving process and requires medical attention. Treatments available include private counseling sessions (psychotherapy) and self-help groups.

If you are a friend of someone in mourning, it's natural to want to help ease the pain of the loss. Here are suggestions for what you can say and do:

1. Stay in touch. Call the person and arrange to stop by to offer your condolences as soon as it's convenient. Depending on your relationship with the bereaved, it may be best to wait to visit with him or her until after the memorial service. At the memorial service, you might say little beyond a word or two of greeting and affection. Sometimes you don't have to say

anything; simply express your affection. You may only press a hand or offer a short hug. It's not what you say, but your expression of concern that can be most comforting.

2. Offer your help and support. After the funeral, the needs of the bereaved person vary. As a close friend or relative, you may help by taking over day-to-day household management, assuming responsibility for the shopping and cooking, caring for children, answering the telephone or greeting visitors. Try to ensure that the bereaved person eats, sleeps and grooms so that he or she doesn't become depressed.

3. Listen. If you only can visit the bereaved briefly, help by listening and accepting whatever feelings he or she may express. Be prepared to share the person's pain and to accept anger as it comes out. In the same way, don't be offended if the person asks you to leave. At times, being alone or only with other family members is most comforting.

4. Keep the person involved. Your knowledge of the person and understanding of the patterns of grief can help the bereaved through times of sorrow. For example, invite the person to accompany you on an outing, or to spend time in your home. Also, you might encourage your friend to join a support group for survivors. Many hospitals, clinics and local mental health organizations offer group counseling.

PROBLEMS WITH HEART BYPASSES

Ten thousand heart bypass and balloon angioplasty patients mysteriously die every year of heart attacks. Doctors, of course, are perplexed because heart patients who've had these procedures should be better off, not worse. In 70 percent of the cases, the vein or artery graft used to bypass the clogged vessel looks perfectly fine, says Dr. Timothy Fischell, a cardiologist at Stanford University Medical Center. The same holds true for vessels unclogged by angioplasty. Fischell and his colleagues have now proposed a controversial explanation for these strange heart attacks. They posit that the coronary arteries themselves are trying to recreate the sort of blood flow their hearts were used to when the artery was clogged. Before surgery, only a small amount of blood got past the blockage, and the blood pressure downstream was very low. Fischell believes that coronary arteries can clamp down on their own to try and create the same sort of blood pressure just past the previously blocked areas. Researchers have known for years that arteries are not inanimate tubes like garden hoses. Instead, they are rimmed with muscle cells that can squeeze and relax to make the arteries wider or narrower. Fischell injected a dye into the arteries of a patient who had a severe heart attack shortly after bypass surgery. In X-rays, he saw that the artery section downstream had squeezed itself down to prevent blood from getting past the site of the previous occlusion. Fischell opened up the patient's artery by giving him nitroglycerin, which forced the artery to unclench. Coronary arteries are known to sometimes go into spasms, which can starve the heart of blood and cause chest pains and even heart attacks. If you've had bypass surgery or balloon angioplasty and are concerned about arterial spasms or closures, see your doctor and ask for an emergency supply of nitroglycerin. If your doctor balks, tell him that you have no intention of being among the 10,000 yearly victims alluded to above.

THE POETRY OF SEAN BAILEY

AS YOU ARE

You're no Adonis, slim and sleek,
And since we met you never were—
But that's just fine with me.
A Greek god isn't what I seek.
Leave him to unwise dreamers, sir.
You're mortal. That's the key!

No bodybuilding hunk, not you,
No bronzed and flawless arcade star;
Yet I like what I see—
A mellow man whose smile is true,
Whose honest face bears line and scar
And eyes that turn to me!

You've your own manly sex appeal
Despite the roll around your girth
And thin hair growing gray.
You touch me and your hand is real,
Your nearness solid as the earth,
And you are here today!

Those other fools can pant and dream
Of superstuds and handsome youths
And waste their lonely nights
While you and I avoid that scheme,
Together meet life's lies and truths,
And taste our own delights!

SEAN BAILEY is an unattached teacher-poet who lives in Iowa. He's 49, 5'-10", 175#, and is looking for a masculine, romantic partner. His poetry is also featured in RFD.

THE WORLD WITHOUT RUDY

2-1-20 **12-7-90**

Having put the December 90 issue to bed, the FRIAR and I quickly rushed into this issue, hoping to get a jump on it before the season's festivities. But there were distractions. There was this gnawing concern for some of our less fortunate subscribers and friends whose holidays would be painful. RAM's life partner, RUDY (CLOSING, June'90 and October'90 issues), had taken a turn for the worse and we were checking in every few days. One day, unable to reach RAM, I called the hospital and found that RUDY had suddenly begun to talk and eat solid food. Encouraging news, but those of you who've watched loved ones drift away know how there can be a sudden improvement just before the end. And, sure enough, the call came shortly thereafter. A small voice betrayed that ultimate loss: "My baby's gone . . . ." RAM cut short the call and went on dutifully breaking the news to a host of friends and relatives.

It felt like I'd fallen into an abyss; it proved to be one of the most tragic losses I'd ever experienced. My breakdown was completely unexpected. After all, I should be accustomed to this sort of news, right? Of the eleven men who've had the most impact in my life, only two now survive. News of our departed supporters and contributors hits these eyes with a vengeance in spite of the fact that most letters tell of found love and friends and other positive things. Yet I wept over RUDY and continue to do so as I write this three weeks later.

I've been intimately involved with four great men in my life, but only the FRIAR was destined to become my life partner. Of the remaining three, RUDY was by far the most powerful. News of his death was front page news. He was a friend of U.S. presidents, a beloved philanthropist, a highly respected business leader, a loving father. He was a fiercely devoted friend to people in all walks of life and I was proud to be his confidant and special friend. Not a birthday went by without a singing birthday call from RUDY. He loved me like a son and instilled in me a sense of confidence. When all my other "friends" secretly made folly over my writing aspirations back in the 70s, RUDY encouraged me. He was the only one who truly believed in me and insisted upon reading everything I wrote. But he gave honest critiques and demanded improvement. Without his push I never would have spent the next 20 years teaching myself to write.

RUDY was imposing, magnetic, ardent, intelligent . . . POWERFUL. But his occasional, cautious trysts with men always seemed to end the same way: his partners flipped for him. And since RUDY had a heart of gold, he found it difficult to coolly set these guys straight. Consequently, he found himself reluctantly involved at times and had to tread cautiously. I often wondered why I didn't fall in love with him. It was probably because I was convinced that he'd never leave his wife. I think he enjoyed my presence so much because I *wasn't* in love with him. I fulfilled his need for a close friend who understood that hidden side of him. We became so close that we had a standing dinner date every Friday night.

One night he was obviously upset. He'd met yet another man who fell in love with him. "What am I going to do?" he asked, almost child-like. It was starkly obvious to me that RUDY was in love. Some handsome, no-nonsense artist had hooked him, leaving him looking like a sick puppy. Shortly thereafter I transferred to Las Vegas, but I stayed in touch. And was I stunned when RUDY amicably divorced his wife and made RAM his life partner. Their love story will never cease to move me and I vow to write about it someday. It also inspired me to hold out and keep looking for my own life partner. It convinced me that everyone can find his life mate, provided he has the guts to follow his heart.

But with joy there is also loss. RAM sits in a huge, empty house, prepared to wait out a bitter winter without the love of his life. RUDY's photos are everywhere and RAM wears the big man's clothes. He wonders how long it will take for the pain to ebb. He assures me that he's watching his diet and trying to keep busy. He's working on another drawing for CHIRON RISING and has no intention of slipping into oblivion.

Incredibly, The FRIAR and I have never met this brilliant artist, yet we love him very deeply. Near the end and unable to be there, we asked him to whisper a message to my old friend. The message was that we loved him and would never forget him, that we would never abandon RAM. The message delivered, RAM said that RUDY smiled.

Prior to this great man's passing, RAM and I had some long talks over the telephone. I'd try to give him a respite from the agonizing death watch by telling him about some of the bizarre and wonderful things that happen in a day in the life of CHIRON RISING. We got into some very interesting conversations about CR's "mission" and speculated about why we humans were here on this earth. We reminded each other of how extraordinarily lucky we were to have found the loves of our lives--to have experienced ultimate joy.

Back in October, RAM said, "Pat, it's so agonizingly painful, watching him die, yet it's also profoundly beautiful in a way. It's funny how we cherish the moments now. We spent almost the entire day working a crossword puzzle. Those will be my sweetest memories."

Patrick H. Colley

B R U I S E R

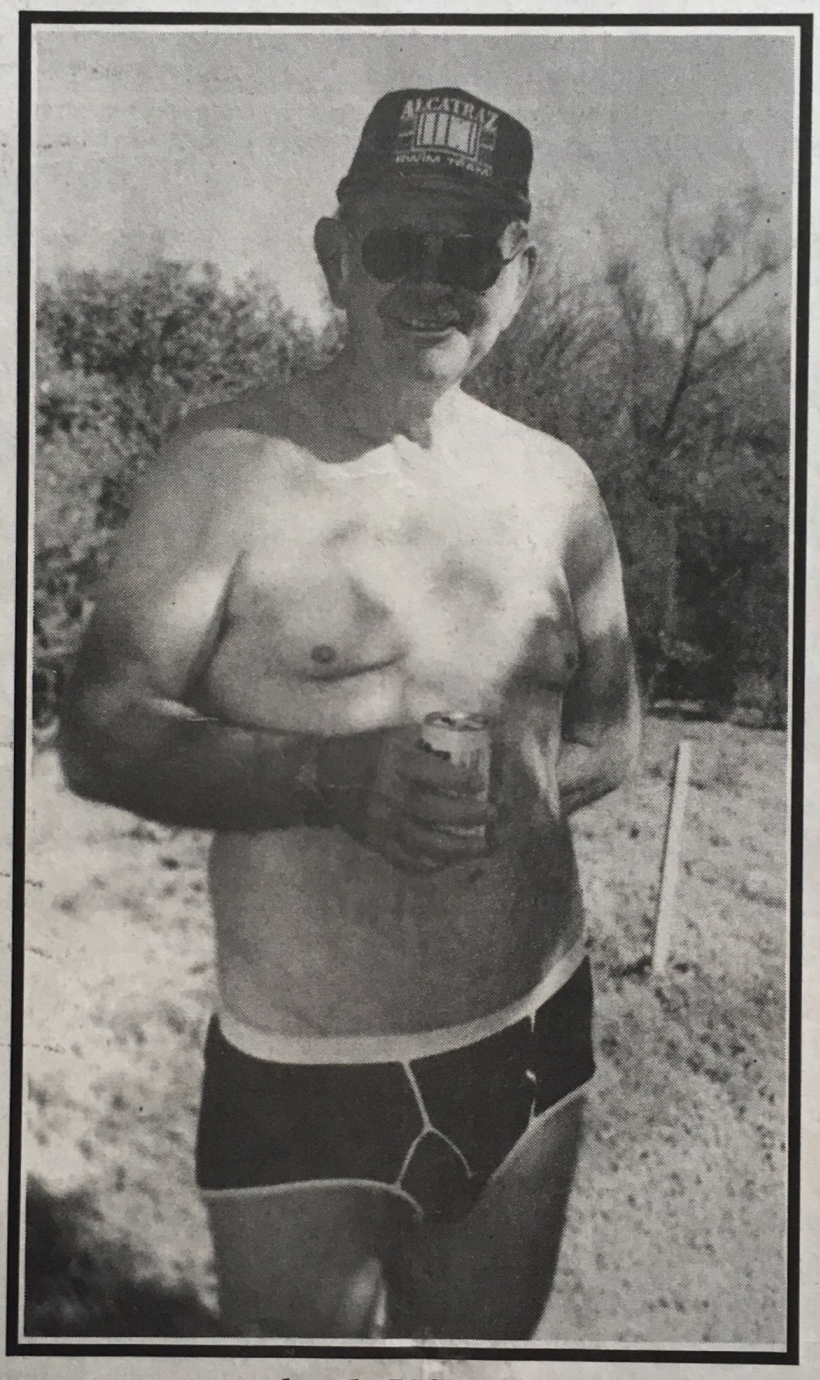


photo by RICHIE II

BRUISER turned 60 this past November and got BETTER. This very independent man of German extraction lives up to his name in a gentle, yet firm, way. He enjoys physical, mental and sexual stimulation, and is looking for someone trustworthy, understanding and physically active. A handyman with the right knowledge and tools will be a big plus. He currently resides in the San Diego area.

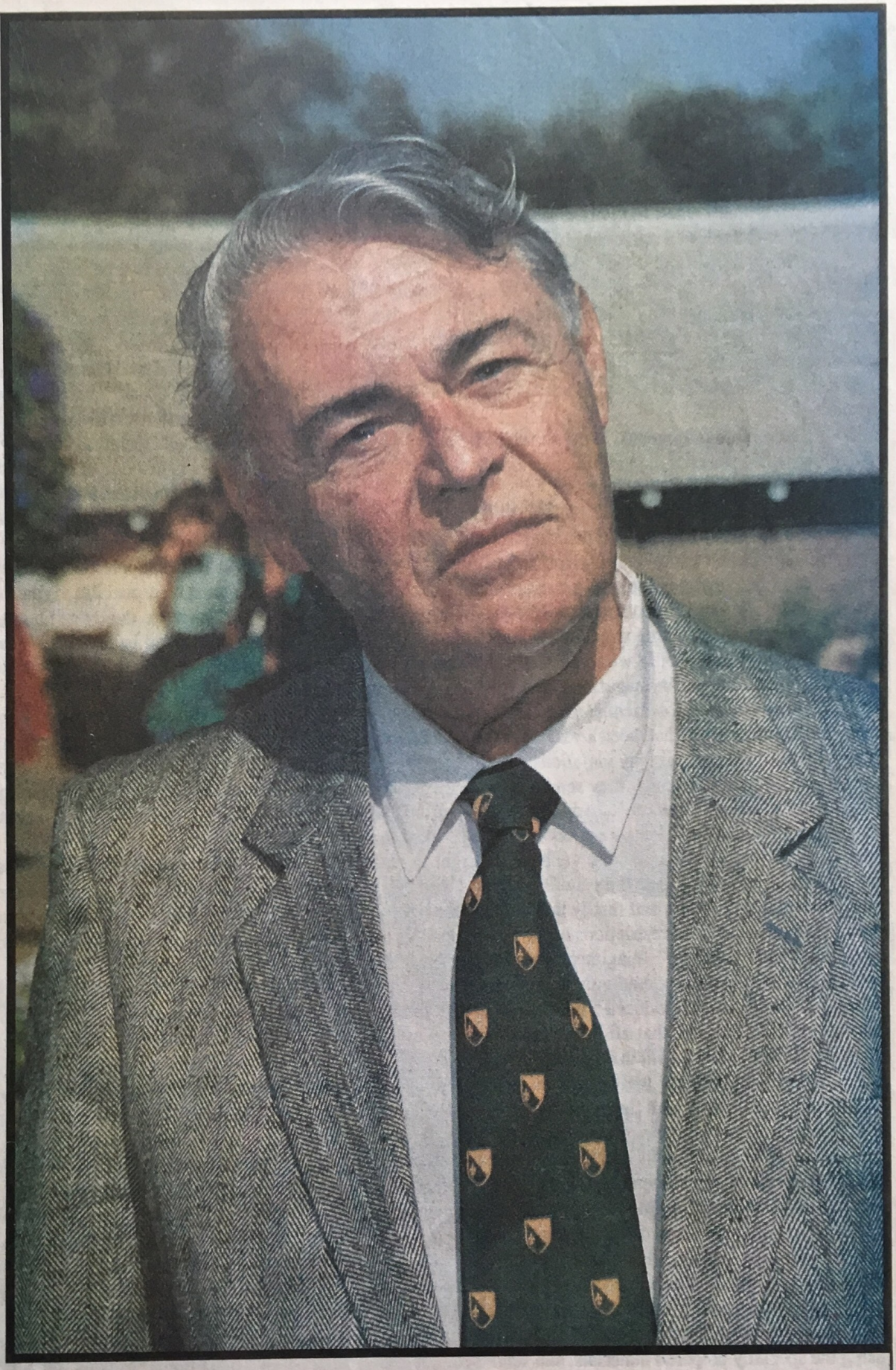
PHILIP AND JACK

photo by DAVID OF AUSTRALIA

Philip is 37, 5'-6" and 135 pounds. He appreciates friends over 65 and is looking for videos of older men. His hobbies include photography and saltwater aquariums. Jack is 73, 5'-10" and 155 pounds. He and Philip have been very close for four years now, but they enjoy making new friends. They can entertain visitors in their homes in Orlando, Florida. Disney World, anyone?

SENSUAL

a self portrait



A Southern Californian who has everything--and more--than he needs . . . except a masculine man to bring joy to life and banish the loneliness.

LEGAL EAGLE
OUTRAGEOUS POLICE CONDUCT

"Outrageous police conduct" is one of the bases on which the courts have imposed some degree of control over police excesses in detecting and fighting crime, but that same rule apparently does not apply when the police use such procedures to cause another to commit a crime involving child pornography.

Ruling recently in a case known as United States v. Mitchell, the Ninth U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals, the largest federal circuit, held that even where police created the materials for which illegal possession is charged, even where police sent out brochures advertising such materials, and then sold the materials, it is the recipient of the materials who committed a crime.

Even more outrageous, to my mind, is the method by which the police selected the individual as one of hundreds to whom the advertisements were sent.

Imagine, if you will, paid federal officers devising a sexual attitude survey covering attitudes concerning just about every sexual interest from "vanilla-type" sex to the kinkiest; forming a private organization with a fictitious name to use in sending out the questionnaire to perhaps 10,000 or more people in the United States; selecting target individuals from a variety of sources, including people who had responded to sexually oriented advertisements in magazines, and from government collected lists of names of friends, associates and correspondents of individuals who had been arrested for (not necessarily even convicted of) pornography violations.

Imagine, further, that they send out the survey under the guise of a "society for those who adhere to the doctrine that pleasure and happiness is the sole good in life" espousing the following credo: "We believe that we have the right to read what we desire, the right to discuss similar interests with those who share our philosophy, and finally that we have the right to seek pleasure without the restrictions being placed upon us by outdated puritan morality." Imagine also that the survey had a statement at its conclusion, reading: "I understand that the information which I have produced shall be held in strict confidence by the society and that all information received by me from the society shall be held in strict confidence by me."

And then imagine that the secret government agents then get some responses, and figure out which of those respondents made promising targets of a pornography sting. A separate list of at least fourteen hundred is made up from the responses received. Imagine also that the government agents then assemble and package their own pornographic materials, depicting acts and events which the federal courts have previously determined to be legally obscene, selecting the materials especially for their appeal to certain segments of those who responded in particularly interesting ways; imagine then that the federal agents proceed to make up various catalogs advertising the specially prepared materials, and send them out with a brochure advertising the special methods by which the materials can be provided to the buyer despite customs laws.

And then imagine that one of those persons who was originally sought out by the United States government agents, through the mails, orders one or more of those films or magazines, and the United States agents cause the material to be placed in the buyer's post office box; when the buyer picks up the package at the post office, he is followed home by a federal agent, who then, using a search warrant issued in advance based on the suspicion that he might take the package home, search his entire house, finding only the package the government agents themselves had sent.

Imagine no further. This scenario, with variations, has been used by postal authorities under the code name "Operation Looking Glass" over the past several years; the buyer in the "imaginary" scenario is one of 1,400 to whom just one set of the catalogs Operation Looking Glass prepared was sent, and the buyer is just one of 200 arrested as a result.

And this conduct has been formally held by the Ninth United States Circuit Court of Appeals to be acceptable conduct, rejecting the claim that it was such outrageous police conduct as to warrant suppression of the evidence.

"We must be especially vigilant in our review when the methods chosen by the government to investigate and prosecute the proscribed behavior have the potential to interfere with or chill the exercise of constitutional rights," the court said.

The court then goes on to mention that where the government agents undertake an investigation, they may not go so far as to engineer and direct the criminal enterprise. "In such circumstances, the conduct of the government is considered so shocking and so outrageous as to violate the universal sense of justice."

Yet, without elaboration, the court concludes, "We find that the apprehension of appellant for knowingly receiving child pornography through a government sting operation known as Project Looking Glass did not constitute outrageous government conduct.

For as many years as I have been a lawyer (more than 30, at this point), it has always been stressed that even though Congress and the state legislatures may "go with the crowd," minorities and others espousing positions which are anathema to a religiously oriented society could always look to the courts for a fair hearing, and for protection from the "will of the masses."

This case makes it clear that such protection is no longer reliable, and should not be counted upon. In this case, even while the court recognizes that the police agents cynically led on their victims using the rhetoric of the first amendment, it avails the victim nothing when he is netted by the police sting. The court would have us believe that the facts cry out for "some due process limits on undercover operations," because of the way the police handled the matter, but it was not sufficiently "outrageous" to deny the police the fruits of their misconduct.

The court even takes note, in a footnote, that "the investigation in this case illustrates why there is a need for some due process limits on undercover operations. Thousands of

persons answered the Love Land questionnaire, yet only 1,400 gave answers that triggered further solicitation. The thousands who did not give such answers nonetheless unknowingly disclosed their sexual attitudes and proclivities to the government and were deceptively led to tell the government such intensely private information as the age when they had their first sexual experience. That the government, in persuading persons to answer the questionnaire, cynically invoked the rhetoric of the first amendment, is particularly offensive."

Wrongful conduct by police, obviously. But this court puts you on notice that you had better not rely on the courts to protect you when you seek to exercise those same First Amendment rights that the police so "cynically invoked" in the Mitchell case.

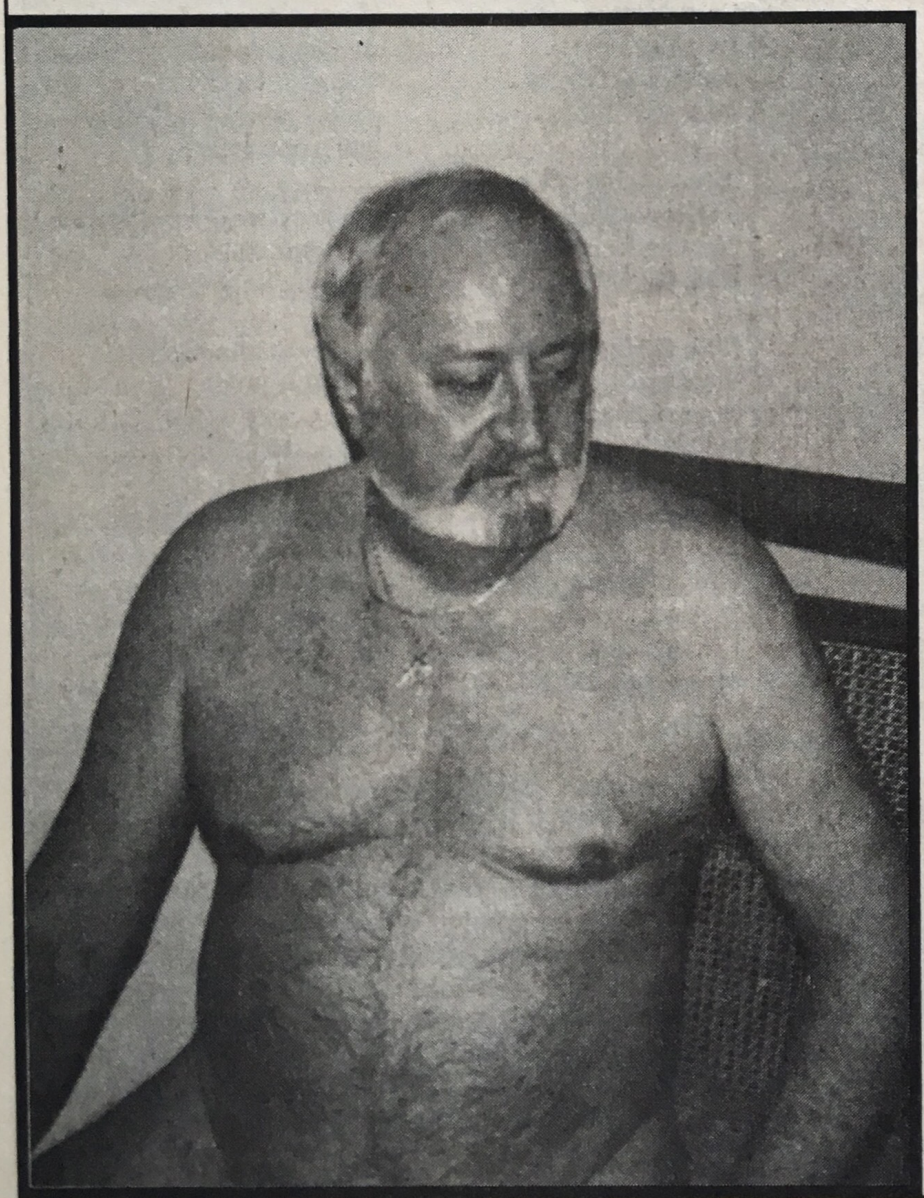
A person who wants to exercise the rights granted by the First Amendment, and recognized by the U.S. Supreme Court, to read materials of his choice, in the privacy of the home, had better recognize that his options as to what he reads are no longer virtually limitless. If it involves child pornography today, so much as the depiction of a child under 18 in a state of undress, in some instances, such material can get you in trouble. The courts no longer are a virtually automatic assurance of protection.

Even though a famous museum in Cincinnati was acquitted for showing nationally-recognized artistic photos, it had to spend probably a hundred thousand dollars in its own defense!

Tomorrow, the limit on what you can safely possess and read may be narrowed in some other category, but for now, the main "no-no" is the depiction of children (under 18) in sexual conduct or in a manner so as to appeal to the prurient interest of the viewer. And to many prosecutors, ala Cincinnati's, that means nothing more than a photograph in which a child's genitals are displayed!

Today, you may still safely (in most areas of the United States, at least) read CHIRON RISING's special issues with no fear of arrest or even hassle; that may not be the case five years from now . . . or even next year, maybe!

LEGAL EAGLE is a 58-year-old, Palm Springs area lawyer with a heavy build and an attraction to young men under 25 or 30. He is community-oriented, active and personable, and loves to travel. He seeks a live-in companion who is interested in school or professional training, but is not seeking a "sugar daddy" situation.



G.F.

photo by RAY M.

He's a retired, single, 67-year-old Philadelphian who is 5'-10' and 205 pounds. G.F. is into theatre, music, travel, reading, kissing and cuddling with Mr. Right, 35 plus.

BOOKSTORES SELLING CHIRON RISING

UNITED STATES

A Brother's Touch, Minneapolis
A Different Light, Los Angeles (2 stores)
A Different Light, New York
A Different Light, San Francisco
Beyond the Closet, Seattle
C 'n' N Mini Mart, Aiea, HI
Category Six, Denver
Chosen Books, Royal Oaks, MI
Faubourg Marigny, New Orleans
Glad Day, Boston
Giovanni's Room, Philadelphia
Jay's Bookstall, Pittsburgh
Lambda Passages, Miami
Lambda Rising, Washington
Le Salon International, San Francisco
Liberty Books, Austin
Mustang Books, Upland, CA
People Like Us, Chicago
The Pleasure Chest, Key West
Sons and Daughters, Grand Rapids, MI
Speedway Books, Tucson
Twin Cities Gaze, Minneapolis

EUROPE

Boekhandel Vrolijk, Amsterdam
The Bronx, Amsterdam
Intermale, Amsterdam
Lavendelschwert, Koln
Libreria Babele, Milan
Mannerschwarm, Hamburg
Prinz Eisenherz, Berlin

MAIL ORDER WORLD-WIDE

Best Guide Book Service
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NL-1012 SC Amsterdam
THE NETHERLANDS

NOTE: IF YOU KNOW OF A BOOKSTORE WHICH MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN SELLING CHIRON RISING, PLEASE SEND US THEIR NAME AND ADDRESS. WE ARE MOSTLY INTERESTED IN THE BETTER BOOKSTORES WHICH GENERALLY CARRY MAGAZINES AND BOOKS, NOT THE ADULT VIDEO STORES. WE ARE EAGER TO FIND REPRESENTATIVE BOOKSTORES IN HOUSTON, DALLAS, SAN ANTONIO, SAN DIEGO, PHOENIX, ATLANTA, PARIS, COPENHAGEN and BRUSSELS.

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An international network of clubs for Bigmen and their admirers. Contact the club in your region for more information.

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Wilsonville, OR 97070
(503) 981-4281

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P.O. Box 39523
Redford, MI 48239
(313) 531-3907

Girth & Mirth of Los Angeles
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Los Angeles, CA 90019
(213) 960-7611

Girth & Mirth of U.K.
Westwood Lodge; Dukes
Drive, Monton, Eccles, U.K.
M30 8BD, Manchester,
ENGLAND
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Girth & Mirth of New
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Boston, MA 02209

Girth & Mirth of New York
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(914) 699-7735

Girth & Mirth of Philadelphia
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Trevose, PA 19047
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San Francisco
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San Francisco, CA 94101
(415) 552-1143

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WHERE ARE THOSE DAMN GLASSES?

Commentary by J.J.

I'm dealing with my male mid-life crisis.

I've been dealing with it for several years now, with varying degrees of success. The difficult thing about it is that it's not a crisis; it's a series of crises. No sooner has one been dealt with than another one crops up.

After a while, the realization dawns that they are all interrelated, and if you've misjudged or misread one, it will mess up what you thought you had done with all the others.

Sometimes, you get a little crazy.

It is absolutely necessary to develop a master plan for dealing with the damn thing. If you don't, people will begin to look at you much the same way they do at an old family dog who suddenly starts snapping at the children.

To deal with mid-life crisis, you have to learn to recognize its early symptoms. This is absolutely essential. You see, it isn't constant. It comes and goes. There will be perfectly normal days when you are just like you have always been. Then, suddenly, it's on you, and you're getting "that look" from those around you.

At this point, you need to nip-it-in-the-bud. If you don't, someone (probably your supervisor, your mate or an old friend) will start referring to you in the plural: "Are we having a bad day today?"

When that happens, you know they are already starting to think about putting you in a home.

Eventually, you realize that the world is basically divided into you and *them*. You're never really certain who *them* is, but you know they're out there. Just waiting. They're the ones who hide your glasses in the morning.

From dealing with this thing for a while now, I have developed a list of symptoms which are sure-fire signals that you are in the grip of *it*. My hope is that they will be of use to all middle-aged males out there. I mean, we have to stick together on this thing, or we're sunk.

These can be copied and posted on the wall of the men's room at work and somewhere convenient at home (like the garage or basement), where you've been spending a lot of time lately.

You know you are experiencing male mid-life crisis when:

1. The person at work calls you, "Sir."
2. You mention "Boys in the Band" and someone a lot younger than you says, "What's that?"
3. You wonder why teenagers talk so much . . . about nothing.
4. You feel you are criminally underpaid.
5. You wonder why all movie love stories seem to be about people who still have pimples.
6. You feel that most people younger than you are obsessed with sex.
7. You feel that most people younger than you are doing a lot more than you about their obsession with sex.
8. You find yourself thinking that if you could just get away for awhile and rest, everything would be all right.
9. You try talking to someone about all this and are told that you're just being "silly."
10. All of the above make you angry or defensive—or both.

Sound familiar? If not, copy this and put it away somewhere. It's something you're going to need sooner or later. You can add to it as your own peculiar signals start appearing.

Now, don't start thinking this is all there is to dealing with this thing. Oh no, it won't give up that easily. It's a really persistent thing, but you have to start by learning how to recognize the early warning signals.

Maybe we'll deal with the rest of it later. Right now, I have an appointment with my optometrist. Even with these new glasses, I still can't see right, and it's really beginning to piss me off.

You know, it's odd. He used to be such a good doctor.

J.J. is a 50-year-old, chubby, bearded ex-teacher and copy editor. This six footer lives in the Kansas City area with his 47-year-old lover and business partner of 8 years. J.J. and THUMPER would like to meet other couples or singles.

HOW TO WRITE TO MODELS, WRITERS, ARTISTS AND ADVERTISERS WITH CODEWORDS

Virtually all CR models are subscribers who seek contact from readers. The vast majority are great guys in search of friends or a lifemate. None are professional models or prostitutes.

Our writers and artists are among the finest in the world. They love to correspond with their fans, and some are looking for mates.

Codeword advertisers have us receive their mail and forward to them to protect their privacy. All are subscribers.

The following are instructions for writing to all of the above:

1. Write, return address, stamp and seal your letter. NOTE: For those overseas readers who have no access to U.S. postage stamps, please include cash.
2. IN PENCIL, write the code word or contributor's (model, artist, writer) name in the CENTER of the envelope.
3. Place your letter (or letters) inside a larger envelope and fully identify yourself in the return address.
4. Mail to: CHIRON RISING, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

PERSONAL ADS

The express purpose of these ads is to aid our readers in finding friends and mates. We take no responsibility for any undesirable relationship or incident resulting therefrom and urge all our subscribers to use caution and common sense. We will screen all ads and refuse to print any which, in our opinion, implies deceit, fraud or peril. We cannot, however, control or monitor replies.

See page 35 for instructions on writing advertisers with codewords (**BOLDFACE** names at the end of some ads). If an ad contains an address, please write to that address and do not send to us for forwarding. The alpha-numeric code at the front of each ad is for our use. Please ignore. This is NOT a codeword.

ALL RESPONDERS MUST BE OVER 21. THE EXCLUSION OF AN AGE LIMITATION IN ANY AD DOES NOT CONSTITUTE AN INVITATION TO MINORS. THESE ADS ARE FOR ADULTS ONLY.

ALABAMA

(G-2/91) ALABAMA/NATIONWIDE: Tired of living alone? Can you pay $200 monthly for rent? You can relocate here for that amount and share my 2 bedroom, furnished apartment. I'm GWM, 72, healthy, caring, sober, sane, nonsmoker. Lived here 10 years. Age not important, ability to share is. This is my final inquiry. All answered. Write: Charlie, P.O. Box 20538, Montgomery, AL 36120.

ARIZONA

(A-2/91) TEDDYBEAR NEEDS LOVING IN PHOENIX: GWM, 50, 5'-10", 265#, white hair/blue eyes, likes to cuddle, is very affectionate, and likes to do things together. Likes cooking, music, cars, photography. Prefer short, younger man. Slender, with dark, hairy chest are all big pluses. I don't smoke, drink or do drugs. Enjoy light S & M. Write with photo to: Dave, 6659 N. 23rd St., Phoenix, AZ 85016.

(R-2/91) PAYSON, AZ: GWM, 62, 190#, 6", looking for permanent relationship, someone who's willing to relocate, 40 to 65. Looks and size not important. Enjoy all sex. Must be loving, loyal, straight appearing, as am I, and willing to live in small village in middle of forest and mountains. I own my home and small business. Write: Ed, HCR Box 180-D, Payson, AZ 85541.

ARKANSAS

(S-2/91) HOT SPRINGS: Mature, healthy, honest, white, French active male, seeking same that's French passive, up to age 55, a hunk who is private, straight-acting and sincere, for get togethers and possible relationship. I own my own condo, live a quiet home life. Fantasy type: Ryan, Sandberg, Boomer, Butkus. Photo appreciated. D. Sullens, 600 Higdon #300, Hot Springs, AR 71913.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

(B-4/91) SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA TOP: GWM, 59 years young, short, stocky, hairy, hung, non-smoker, bald, healthy, clean-shaven, HIV negative. Strictly top. Seeks men my age or younger for safe encounters. Not interested in relationship as I have lover. Prefer French A and Greek P. Into light S & M. Write to: **BAY AREA TOP**

(C-2/91) WARLOCK OFFERS PHALLIC WORSHIP: Sober, sane, non-smoker, 57, 6', 230#, 5-1/2" cut, Greek passive, tattooed, dentured, pierced & ringed GWM seeks SafeSex. I enjoy being USED to satisfy a MAN's kinkiest desires. If your endowment is over 8 inches, your age/weight/race/looks are o.k. with me. Call (415) 443-3083, or write: **SUCCUBUS**

(S-2/91) S.F. BAY AREA/NATIONWIDE: You: very masculine, gentle, clean body, mature age. Your place locally for long sessions. Possible live-in my good home near Oakland from anywhere. Me: W/M, 60s, 5'-11", 155#, moustache, dentured, cut, thick, sensuous, versatile, expert frencher, massager. Write: J.R.S., P.O. Box 20331, Oakland, CA 94620.

(H-2/91) SACRAMENTO/NO. CALIF: GWM, 55, 5'-11", 230#, blue/blond, average looks, romantic, sincere and honest. Enjoys cooking, dining out, theatre, opera, quiet evenings by fire, fishing, travel, gardening. Financially stable, semi-retired, involved in antiques and flea markets. HIV negative, clean and sober. Seek friendship/relationship with another 40-65 young-at-heart who is healthy. Write: **TAURUS**

(W-2/91) SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 33, brown hair, dark blue eyes, 5'-10", 155#, seeks mature, 45-60, medium-weight man. Hairy, salt/pepper chests, romantic hugging and kissing really turn me on. I'm well endowed. Go down on all sizes, but perfer LARGE! No smokers, drinkers, drugees. Photo appreciated. Write: D.W., 1570 Fifth Avenue, Belmont, CA 94002.

(M-4/91) SANTA ROSA FRIENDSHIP, FUN & MORE: Two HIV negative, 51+, passive French, seek active French, 30 to 65. Doug: 6 ft., 145#. George: 6 ft., 325#. Want 3 ways. Write: George & Doug, P.O. Box 282, Fulton, CA 95439.

(C-2/91) SOME GOOD MEN: have tried to make me happy but I wasn't happy with myself, so it didn't work. They have gone on to better things and now it's finally my turn. I'm 52, very masculine, 5'-10", 190#, brown hair, brown eyes, fire sign. I would like someone close to my age or at least with a similar attitude of being comfortable with one's self. I'm not easy, but I have looked a long time and I won't settle for less. It wouldn't be fair to either of us. Write: Wm. Coleman, P.O. Box 330, San Martin, CA 95046-0330.

(M-12/91) SAN FRANCISCO PENINSULA GWM: Recently retired at 60, redhead, anxious to share life of travel, good home life, theatre, warm body/good sex, togetherness, etc. Into video, good music, photography, back-road exploring, Hawaii (Maui), cooking, fun. Call Don at (415) 851-1266, or write P.O. Box 2323, Stanford, CA 94309.

(S-4/91) PROFESSIONAL MAN, 61, 5'-9", 228#, shy, sensitive, more into making love than having sex. Looking for a man 30 to 50, height and weight in proportion, sincere, masculine, nonsmoker, light drinker, no drugs, hairy a plus. I run a B & B house in an amazing, beautiful forest. Want to meet someone into nature, not afraid of moderate isolation, who enjoys people, wood fires, classical music, computers, books, quiet dinners and evenings. For friendship and possible relationship. Write: D.W.S., 11 Mosswood Circle, Cazadero, CA 95421, or call (707) 632-5571.

(F-4/91) WANTED: BIG, BEEFY, MUSC, MASC, OLDER MAN (BEAR): W/M, 6', 195#, 46 yrs, strong, masc, musc, athletic, professional, wants to meet a big, strong, masc professional man (Bear), my age or older. I'm looking to please a big, masc, older topman with everything from TLC to mild kink and domination. Big linebacker or power lifter man with facial hair a plus. Imagination, sense of homor and integrity are important. Please call Steve, (408) 739-5590, or write: S.C.F., P.O. Box 2057, Sunnyvale, CA 94087. Letter with pictures answered first.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

(S-2/91) I'VE GOT BALLS! 65-year-old hunk, 6', 185#, salt and pepper hair, brown eyes, clean shaven, moderately hairy, well hung, seeks eager oral experts to drain me dry and then some. Any age or race is fine. I have no top/bottom hangups but I'll respect yours. Southern California preferred but will answer all. Write: KSS, P.O. Box 1501, Pomona, CA 91769.

(P-4/91) PASADENA, CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: Homeowner, GWM, 52, 5'-11", 185# with red/brown hair and blue eyes, clean cut, sincere, easy going (HIV negative, French A/P, cut and have much more than most), straight acting, self-employed professional in the entertainment industry. Desires monogamous relationship with younger, romantic, mature, straight acting, intelligent, honest, responsible and sensitive equal life partner. I enjoy companionship, sex, motorhome travel, treasure hunting, swimming, movies, theater, Disneyland and quiet times at home. If you are a non-smoker (or willing to quit) and not into the drug or heavy alcohol scenes, please reply with detailed letter, photo and phone to: **PASADENA DREAMER.**

(S-6/91 SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA/ORANGE COUNTY: Bi/W/M, 55, 5'-11", 235#, passive yet rugged and muscular, open to all types. Equipment: 8" long by 7" around. Likes: French passive, receptive tit/ball play, anal massage, fisting, soft toys, body massage, videos. NO PAIN. I'm very clean and healthy, laid back, horny, highly educated, uninhibited, long lasting and butch. I'm also featured in CR's May Special. Write: **MACK**

(B-2/91) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA HIGH DESERT: 52-year-old, white male, attractive, muscular, very hairy, stocky, 5'-8", 185#, green-eyed, virile, masculine, of French and English descent. I'm a former college football halfback and still in very good shape. Looking for a mature, genuine, masculine top man for friendship and possibly more. Not interested in one-nighters. Write: **KARL**

(P-2/91) WANTED: JUDGE WAPNER/EDDIE ALBERT TYPE: Seeking: grey hair, sparkling eyes, great smile/voice, hairy chest, medium-stocky build, affectionate, physical and fun, over 50 man's man. I'm 35, 5'-10", 180#-solid build, strong legs, green eyes, brown hair, athletic Steve Garvey type. Photo a must (will return). Write: **SPORT**

(J-4/91) ORANGE COUNTY BIG GUYS: Two big guys, early 40s, masculine, hairy, clean, fun. Looking for significant third person, 40 and up. Call or write Jay, P.O. Box 253, Trabuco Canyon, CA 92678, or call (714) 589-9422, days, nights (business phone - ask for Jay).

(W-2/91) NEW TO LONG BEACH: 61 years, 6 feet, 245 lbs, lover of life, sense of humor, caring. Reationship nice, friendship regular okay, any age (21 to 75). Be honest, be versatile, be HIV negative. Life can be beautiful! Write: Keith, 4819 Agate, Long Beach, CA 90805.

(P-4/91) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA/INTERNATIONAL: GBM, 34, 5'-7", 160#, affectionate, looking for relationship with WM, 50+, stocky/heavy, clean-shaven, no moustache and nonsmoker. Write: Richie, P.O. Box 903, Duarte, CA 91010.

(H-2/91) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: Unattached professional, financially secure, educated, 61-year-old, 6'-1", 210#, considered handsome. Looking for a masculine, very, very Greek active, good-looking man, 30-50, for a warm, sensual and sexual friendship. I live alone, can travel and entertain. Write: **SENSUAL**

(M-2/91) SANTA BARBARA/NATIONWIDE: Just moved here. Need some lovin'. Seek uncut men any age. I'm a horny 70-year-old, friendly and masculine, who wants to give you great F/A pleasure, anytime. Write: A.J.M., 123 E. Micheltorena St. #12, Santa Barbara, CA 93101.

(B-2/91) SWAP PHOTOS/WRITE: GWM, 29, 69", 140#, brown/brown, looking for men over 50, for photo swap/writing. Write: **POPEYER**

(L-2/91) SAN DIEGO/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 44, 6', 182#, healthy, trim build, discreet, affectionate, easy-going, A/P French, P Greek, 6-1/2" uncut. Would like to meet masculine, mature, well-hung males for friendship/relationship. Be honest and sincere. Visitors welcome, have my own place to make you feel at home. Write: **DAVE**

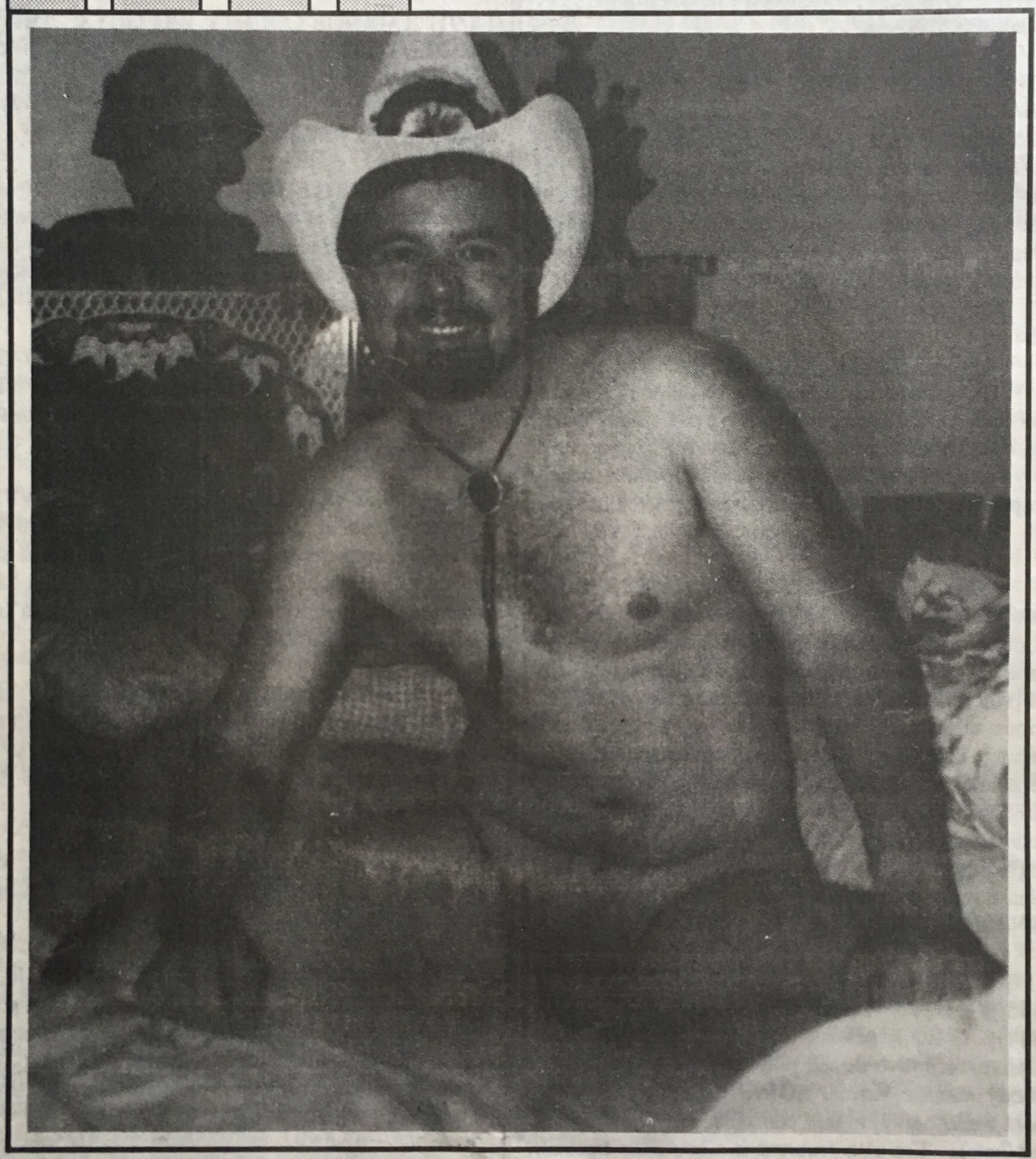
(B-4/91) NORTHERN ITALIAN OVER 75: Slender, healthy, masculine-appearance, endowed (6" uncut), nonsmoker, well-travelled, bilingual. Loves kissing, hugging, home-type intimacy. Seeks lover living in San Diego. Must be 300 lbs and about 50. Pug nose a plus. Call (619) 291-8966.

ADVERTISERS ARE URGED TO ANSWER ALL SINCERE RESPONSES TO ADS. WHEN YOU DON'T, CR SUFFERS.

[continued on page 39]

J O E L

photo by ZORBA



JOEL loves to spend long hours in bed with someone who likes to do more than just have sex. He enjoys meeting men from out of his own state of Idaho. This great looking lover of older men has a slight--but not extreme--kink in him.

(R-2/91) LET ME CAPTURE YOUR BODY! 52-year-old creative artist/photographer seeks rugged-looking men, 50+, who enjoy modeling (portrait, figure--nude or clothed) for photo, drawing, painting. Seasoned face, facial and body hair, big arms, chest certainly a plus, but not a must! Your photo and phone get my immediate response. L.A./Orange county and vicinity. Write: Sy, P.O. Box 4874, Anaheim, CA 92803.

(M-2/91) ORANGE COUNTY: Me: 60, W/M, 5'-8", 142#, HIV negative, hairy legs, top, nonsmoker. I like oral service to my feet, cock, balls. Other varied interests. Desire relationship. You: Over 50, servile, French active. Write, if you think we should be friends, to: P.M., P.O. Box 1329, Sunset Beach, CA 90742-1329.

(C-2/91) SO. CAL - LAGUNA BEACH: Hispanic gent needs gent to lavish love and affection! Share home, companionship, good strong sex, lots of cuddling, loving, talk, read, movies, theater, parties, travel, dance, cook, do things with, host, candle quiet dinners at home or out. I'm late 60s, 5'-9", 155#, versatile, 6" cut, healthy, nice looking, financially secure, social drinker, no smoke/drugs/S & M. You: Taller, heavier, 200#? Well endowed a plus. Principals from So. Cal only or willing to relocate. Photos. Write: T.C., P.O. Box 92607-7123, Laguna Niguel, CA 92607-7123.

(D-2/91) BARSTOW: GWM, 69, 6", 142# nude, uncut. I do not travel, but like penpals and visitors. I am quiet, as well as affectionate. French A/P only. Write: **MR. D**

(Q-2/91) CA/PACIFIC N.W./NATIONWIDE: You: 60+, independent. Pluses: Smaller height, hairy, nice smile, humorous, attentive, no bar scene. Me: WM, 38, 5'-6", trim, fun-loving, affectionate, quick to laugh, HIV negative. Interests: Horticulture, opera, arts, travel, outdoors, keeping in shape. Ready for a change. First time replies, this is your chance! Photo appreciated. Write: **FOREST BIRD**

(A-2/91) GAY WRITER, 75, SEEKS HELP! Need agent/publisher advice on how to market a serious (non-porno) first gay novel. Write: Eddy Allen, 1556-B Apache Dr., Chula vista, CA 91910.

COLORADO

(S-2/91) ARE YOU A TOP GWM, A LITTLE KINKY, AND LATE 50S OR OVER? GWM, 50, 200#, 5'-11", HIV negative, hopeless romantic, bottom preference, no inhibitions, cut, smooth by choice, is hoping for the right daddy to please. I'm a writer with many interests, such as classical music, opera, old movies and songs. Looks and weight not important. Feelings and conversation are! Pictures okay. No drugs or heavy drinking. Smoking okay. Letter? Write: **DENVER SON**

CONNECTICUT

(L-4/91) CONNECTICUT/MASSACHUSETTS: GWM, 58, 5'-10", brown hair, greenish/hazel eyes, 180# and very well hung. Looking for senior who likes to cuddle with plenty of oral loving. If you resemble RAM artistry somewhat and enjoy slow, sensuous touching all over, please write: Horned Toad, P.O. Box 380601, East Hartford, CT 06138-0601 or phone (203) 569-3417, anytime.

(K-6/91) LOOKING FOR YOUNGER PLAYMATE: GWM, youthful 50s, 5'-11", 220#, beard, moustache, bald. Enjoys sex with trimmer guys, younger, especially black. Let's put on a video, cuddle and see what develops. Write: Al Krane, P.O. Box 102, Newtown, CT 06470.

FLORIDA

(B-2/91) CENTRAL FLORIDA-U.S. 27/441: Couple, 67, 6'-1", 155# and 65, 5'-7", 140#. Singles or couples, 35+ for friendship and/or sex on one to one basis welcome to our home, located 8 miles north of Leesburg, 23 miles south of Ocala. No drugs, S & M, freeloaders or collect calls. Write: Jim, P.O. Box 602, Lady Lake, FL 32159, or call (904) 753-2857.

(S-2/91) NATIONWIDE: GWM, 33, looking for porn videos that feature older men, 60+. Willing to pay for a copy of your favorite tape(s). Perhaps you're willing to trade, or know who may own one. In any event, write me with whatever is on your mind to: David, P.O. Box 1782, Delray Beach, FL 33447-1782.

(R-2/91) CAPRICORN: Biologically in early 40s, keen for male bonding with vigorous gents, 35 to 60. No hang-ups. Blond/blue, 6'-2", 180#. Photo appreciated. Alexander, 100 E. Lafayette St., Apt. 406, Marianna, FL 32446.

(H-4/91) NATIONWIDE: Will share my pleasant home in golf club community in sunny St. Petersburg with sedate, refined senior. I'm 55, HIV negative and not seeking sex. You'll have your bedroom with private bath and be free to enjoy the home and yard (and big Lowery organ) as if it were yours. Weekly maid service. References exchanged. $500 month and 1/2 the utilities. Write with clothed photo and some relevant data about yourself. Will respond to thank you for your interest whether or not I feel we're compatible. Write: **RAPHAEL**

GEORGIA

(S-6/91) YOUNGER THE BETTER (over 21): GWM, 60, 5'-6 1/2", 215#, seeks lover of gray haired, loveable, cuddly chubby. I love all races but prefer young, slim, sexy, affectionate Asian, Black, Latin. Gentle sex only. Travel anywhere extensively. Send photo. Write: **FPS**

(P-2/91) DADDY WANTED: GWM, 37, 5'-7", 240#, looking for affectionate daddy 50 to ? Hairy, chunky/stocky, uncut, balding, are all plusses, but interested in all daddies. I am a professional/executive, independent, stable, and happy. I am Atlanta based but travel throughout the southeast and greater NYC area. Interested in correspondence and meeting men who like life, theater, classical music/opera, art, good wine and friendship. I like all types of sex with right daddy, especially pleasing you! I am also interested in purchasing video tapes featuring men similar to the above description. Write: Kim, P.O. Box 15, Clarkston, GA 30021.

(C-2/91) 54-YEAR-OLD GWM-ATLANTA/NATIONWIDE: Looking for BIG men with BIG equipmnent, penpals, photo/video exchange (homemade only). Like to entertain, skinny dip in the pool and nude sunbathe. Come on down and put a little

South in your mouth, y'all. Write: Sam, P.O. Box 2523, Forest Park, GA 30051.

(J-2/91) BIG BELLIED, HAIRY HUNKS: Black male, 38, wants big men, 200 to 300 pounds of solid build. Former football studs who now have a big overhanging gut, thinning hair, big meaty ass, big thighs, legs and feet are my type. Want men willing to pose explicitly. Security guards with very big protruding ass that is noticeable in tight pants, write me! C.S. Jackson, 4375 Cascade Rd., SWF-66, Atlanta, GA 30331.

(C-2/91) GEORGIA FARMER/RANCHER/LUMBERMAN: Bi/W/M, 51, 5'-10", 178#, very hairy, salt/pepper hair/mustache, masculine, hung above average, cut, married, 8 sons. Know how to be a Daddy! Like A/P French, A Greek. Seek "son-types" or mature "brother types." Correspondence, photo exchange, visits. Especially like uncut/lots of skin, but not a must. I'm former Green Beret chopper pilot (Nam). Drove 18 wheeler for 10 years. Have large farm/ranch/2 sawmills. 250 men--all ages and ethnic backgrounds--on weekly payroll. Many "will." Three younger brothers (36, 31, 24) who "will" in P French. Enjoy making videos with visitors. Discretion a must. Write: **SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN**

IDAHO

(C-2/91) YOUNG MAN LOOKING FOR OLDER MEN: I'm 27, 6'-1", 170#, HIV negative and have been known to turn more than a few heads. Would like to establish contact with men across the country. Meeting possible. If you're masculine, sincere and down-to-earth, let me hear from you. Will respond to all. Your nude photo gets mine. Write: Joel, P.O. Box 7081, Boise, ID 83707.

ILLINOIS

(O-4/91) HEAVY OLDER MEN: GWM, 48, 5'-8", 140#, brown/blond hair, blue eyes, 6" cut, looking for men over 50, 250#+ and well endowed. Write: JNO, 2238, N. Lakewood, IL 60614.

(C-6/91) CHICAGO: West suburban artist seeks older gentlemen, any size, to model in the comfort of their own home. Photo/phone appreciated, but not necessary. Write: **DARKCHILDE**

(P-8/91) CHICAGO DAD SEEKS SON: GWM, 56, 5'-10", 155#, greying, moustache, professional, seeks son/lover relationship. No drugs, nonsmoker preferred--self supporting, to share bed with right person, cuddle, safe sex, J/O, video, travel. Blacks a plus. Sincere only. Send photo, phone number to: **EAGLE**

(G-2/91) CARING, EDUCATED, SENSE OF HUMOR--SEEK SIMILAR: I'm 50, 6'-1", 230#, smallish cock, semi-furry. Like cuddling, fondling, mutual safe pleasure-sharing. Can get into light kink. Your age, size, race unimportant. I travel a lot. Tom Gordon, Box 2114, Station "A", Champaign, IL 61825-2114.

(J-4/91) CHICAGO/MIDWEST: GWM, 5'-9", mid 40s, 155#, intelligent professional type, liberal, introspective, witty, non-smoker. Enjoy sharing, closeness, conversation, love-making, quiet moments, personal development, classical music, theater, travel, sports, reading, walks & nature. I am romantic, sensitive, caring, supportive, loyal and flexible. Looking for similar traits and likes. I seek full committment, long term lover, over 50, average to heavy, round head/face and soft, smooth features. Examples: LAYTON (12/90), HAWFINCH, TOM D. (12/89), BEACH TRICK (6/87), T.J. (2/90), KONDOH (4/89), JAY (11/89), ROB DADEO (Swan videos). Write: **LAPWING III**

KANSAS

(A-4/91) SOUTHWEST U.S./NATIONWIDE: Healthy GWM, 65, 5'-8", 185#, retired, looking for friendship/relationship or whatever else is mutually agreeable. Age no problem. I am from a rural community with rural values. I hope you will write with photo if possible. Write: Fran, 312 University Dr., Dodge City, KS 67801.

MARYLAND

(W-2/91) MARYLAND/NATIONWIDE: Seeking younger men, 30-45, who are healthy, masculine, mature, honest, and who like warm, nude cuddling and kissing, French A/P. Am GWM, 58, 6', 215#. Like light classical and pop, videos, gardening, sports, reading, swimming. Photo appreciated. Write: Don, Box 443, Westminster, MD 21157.

MICHIGAN

(L-4/91) PONTIAC VIRILE, CLEAN, HUNG STUD-MAN: W/bi/MM, 6', 180#, educated professional. Seeks area similar for: nudity, mutual massage/stimulation/intense relationship. Cleanshaven, athletic, trim young man. Confidentiality/discretion. Send nude photos, description, contact, interests: Sensual, sensitive, sincere. Ken, Box 430624, Pontiac, MI 48343.

(P-2/91) MICHIGAN: GWM, 64, 6 feet, 175#, masculine, well-trimmed beard/moustache, Greek A/P, French A/P, nicely endowed, nonsmoker, light drinker. Interests: Arts, antiques, books, bridge, camping, hiking, walking, cross-country skiing, western dress (leather, Levis, boots), boating, watersports, gourmet cooking, old cars, motorcycles, music, opera, theatre. Travel US/overseas. Seeking GWM, 55 + with somewhat similar interests. Write: **COSMOPOLITAN**

MINNESOTA

(S-4/91) MINNEAPOLIS: GWM, 49, 5'-11", 230#, balding yet hairy, uncut, very horny all the time. A nonsmoker that is an all-night cuddler who would like to share the best of life with a man of similar attributes, 45-55, HIV negative. Write: **SVENSKA BOY**

MISSISSIPPI

(H-2/91) WANTED ON MISSISSIPPI COAST: Lover or partner, over 40, an ex-marine or marine-type bottom with extra-sensitive nipples desirable. Also uncut as I am. I'm a young 63, average height and weight, blue eyes, brown crewcut hair. Europeans welcome. Overweight okay. No letter without photo and phone. **HARRISHAWK**

(H-2/91) FOR RENT: Large room for the winter in beautiful, historic resort town, one block from the Gulf of Mexico and one hour from New Orleans. Enjoy mild temperatures, winter sunbathing, low prices and nearby Mardi Gras. Write: Tom, Box

2035, Bay St. Louis, MS 39521-2035.

NEW JERSEY

(L-8/91) ATLANTIC CITY/NATIONWIDE: Chinese, 35, senior admirer, would like to make friends with discreet people and welcomes CR readers over 50 to stay over. Close to A.C. Airport, convenient to Philadelphia, New York. Pool, whirlpool, massage. No obligation. Write in advance, photo if possible. D.L., P.O. Box 298, Mays Landing, NJ 08330.

(L-4/92) VIDEOS BY SENIORS: Quality collection of people, 50+, in action. Amateur, SWAN made, lots of choices. Write for Information to: Collector, P.O. Box 121, Cologne, NJ 08213-0121.

NEW YORK

(D-2/91) SEEK 40+ TOPMAN: 42 year old Italian bottom, hairy, moustache, 185#, 5'-11", looking to please masculine older topman with hot (safe) sex and lots of affection. Attitude more important than looks or stats. Your photo gets mine. Photos returned. Write: **DRONGO.**

(H-4/91) WESTERN NEW YORKER: GWM, 47, 5'-10", 185#, brown hair, beard, moustache seeks muscular dude with large beer belly, massive thighs. I enjoy body contact, massages, light workouts, pigging out. No drugs. Write: Rick, P.O. Box 833, Buffalo, NY 14231-0833.

(D-4/91) WHERE'S THE PORK? Beefy Daddy, 52, 5'-9", 245#, hairy, masculine, sexually versatile, seeks heavy-set guys, any age, the fatter the better, for fun and relaxed times. Photo/phone to: Nick Dean, Box 581, New York, NY 10156.

(D-2/91) NEWLY COMER: FILIPINO, 30, 5'-4", 130#: single, dark hair, brown eyes, seeks close relationship or whatever. Prefer 50+ Caucasian, not less than 150#. I am health conscious, affectionate and fun to be with. Let me get to know you. Photo appreciated. Write: **ADVENTURER**

(M-4/91) WNY/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 44, 5'-7", 185# (solid), French A/P, Greek A, 8" X 6-1/4" uncut. Would like to hear from (meet) older men, any size. Please send nude photo, if possible. Write: Roger Maynard, 2854 Marshall Road, Medina, NY 14103.

(P-4/91) OLDER CHUBBY W/M WITH LARGE NIPPLES AND TITS? W/M, masculine, 40, seeks attractive Sumo type W/M. If you like a soft velvet-like tongue working on those nice nipples, send photo of yourself with detailed description. Write: Semini, Executive Suite, Box 123, 330 W. 42nd St., New York, NY 10036.

(S-4/91) NEW YORK CITY/NJ/CONN/MASS: GWM, 46, 5'-10", 160#, honest, masculine, outgoing, single, good sense of homor. Enjoy country weekends. Love the outdoors, animals, birds. Seeking long-term, monogamous relationship with sincere, honest, 50-65, 5'-9" or taller, single gentleman. I'm sexually open minded with the right significant other, and generally attracted to the types portrayed in the artwork of RAM and KOALA in CR, occasionally liking someone less husky, but not thin. I'd enjoy meeting you for drinks or dinner, leading to whatever, if mutual interest develops. Phone and discreet photo appreciated. Write: **BART**

(G-2/91) ORALLY TALENTED: Finger Lakes, NY, retired 68, 5'-7", 175#, look British. Seeking men who like to be treated to remarkable oral sex. Enjoy reciprocation, but do not insist. Write: **TEDDY III**

(NS-2/91) ETERNAL SON: GWM, 32, 5'-7", 155#, black hair, brown eyes, HIV negative, seeks older, white, muscularly stocky, with tree-trunk legs. Dan Lauria, Bob Hoskins, Arn Anderson are turn-ons. Relationship oriented. Looking to satisfy life-long older man/daddy fantasy. Send photo (nude if possible) with letter to: Richie, K45, 496A Hudson St., New York, NY 10014.

(D-12/91) NY/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 55+ Italian seeks hairy, macho guys, 40+, for friends, maybe more. Me: 5'-9", 165#, F/hair. Photo & phone please. Write: **ARIES**

(D-4/91) NEW YORK GBM, 59, 5'-10", 240LBS: seeking caring, affectionate man, 40-65 (color no issue--Latins a plus), for sincere relationship. I maintain active social life. Photo gets mine. French A/P. If you're young at heart, let's get busy. Write: **PEACHES**

NORTH CAROLINA

(A-12/92) MASCULINE OLDER MAN WANTED (50 TO 80): A clean, discreet, nonsmoking and dependable GWM, 5'-8", 200# football coach is looking for a cuddly, short grandfather type who could use some preferential affection. Prefer clean-shaven, mature man of any profession, or retired. I can do some traveling and I can accept visitors. Photo a must (will return). Call (704) 873-2702, or write: Coach Al, 768 West End Ave., Statesville, NC 28677.

OHIO

D-4/91) NATIONWIDE: GWM, 65, 6'-1", 205#, hairy, healthy, muscular, seeks macho type over 50, for monogamous relationship. Enjoy sports, boats, beach, music, travel, love. Financially sound. Own property. Willing to share or move. Write: Tom Dolson, P.O. Box 1226, Cuyahoga Falls, OH 44223, or call (216) 929-7225.

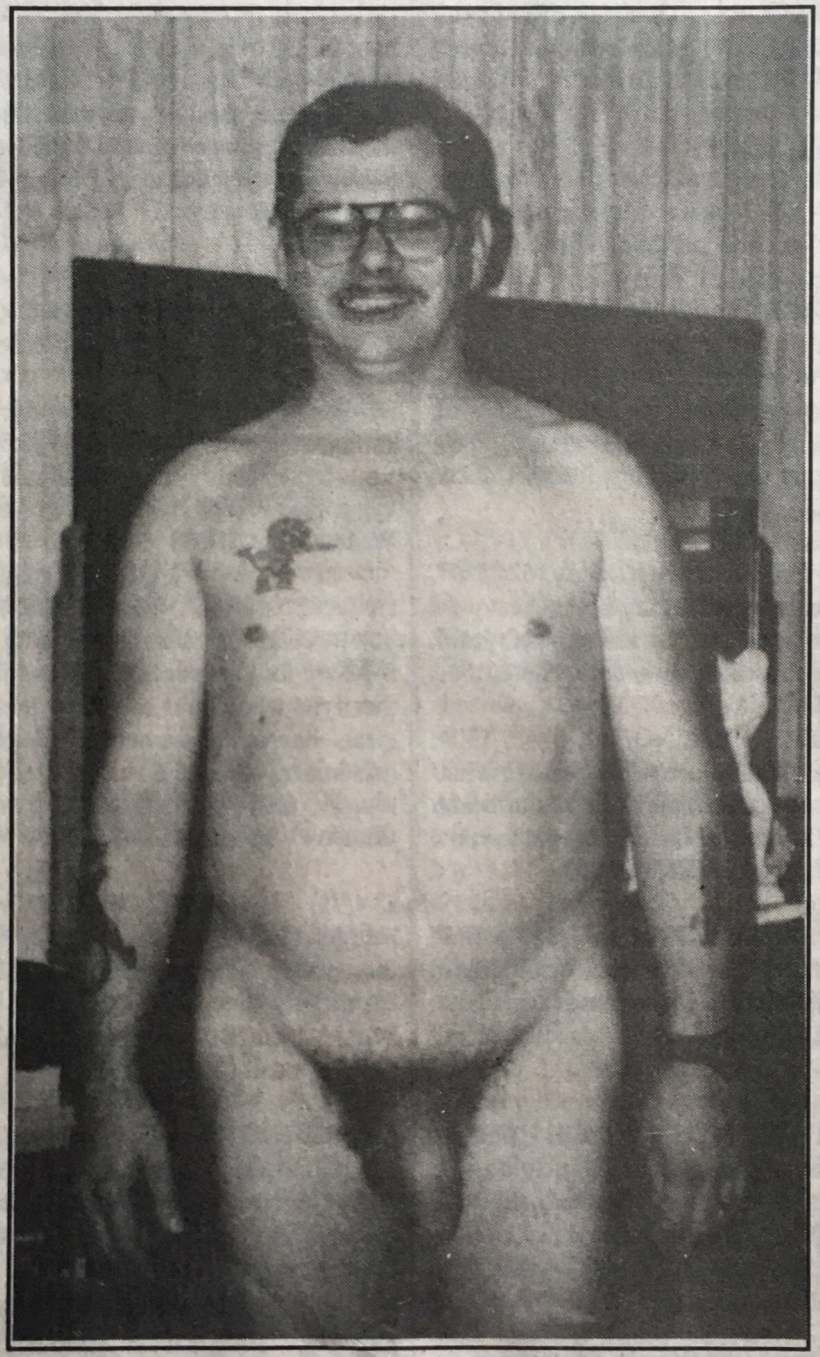
(S-2/91) NATIONWIDE: MARRY A VIKING: Kind, sensitive, intelligent, blond Norwegian GWM, professional, 5'-10", 165#, 36, seeks loving, nonsmoking professional to 60 with room in his heart and home for devoted lover. I want to relocate, especially to West Coast. Detailed letter with photo for reply to Armstrong, P.O. Box 141474, Columbus, OH 43214.

(S-2/91) MIDWEST CALLING! Ohioan/traveler seeking mature males for companionship, travel, safe sex (A/P-Fr, P-Gr). Into out-of-doors, arts, photography, computers. Share pix and videos. Seek sizeable equipment. Let's get it on! Write: W.S., 55 Fir Hill #11B5, Akron, OH 44304.

Beware of scams, stings and commercial come-ons. Only answer letters from sincere individuals responding to your ad. Use your head as well as your heart.

[continued on page 43]

DOCTOR TRUCKER



a self portrait

A Western New Yorker, this Viet Nam vet is both a psychologist and trucker, hence his model name. He likes all older men, whether heavy or not.

OKLAHOMA

(R-4/91) NATIONWIDE SENIOR ADMIRER: GWM, 40, blondish, smooth skin, heavy-set, career minded, seeks GWM, 55+ (bald & hairy a plus), for friendship plus ? Reared in small town with old-style values. Respect kindness and discretion assured. Reply is guaranteed. Photo, please, sir. We could be made for each other! Write: Rodman, P.O. Box 403, Lawton, OK 73502.

(M-2/91) OKLAHOMA CITY: GWM exec, 48, 6'-4", 240#, healthy. Seeks similar, 38-58, for friendship/relationship. ACA/Recovering alcoholic/addict, affectionate, aesthetic, eclectic, sensual. You need not be apollo or nobel prize winner--I'm not. If you like quiet dinners, music (classical/hard rock), travel, nature, walks just to see what's there . . . you get the idea. Please respond to: C.S.M., P.O. Box 18422, Oklahoma City, OK 73154-8422.

OREGON

(D-6/91) TRAVELING THRU OREGON? WRITE AHEAD; GOOD TIMES ASSURED: 52, healthy, masculine, affectionate, horny, non-smoking, stocky-framed, hairy-chested, clean-shaven, professional and clean, seeks younger, sensual, virile man who prefers my type. Have indoor hot tub. Enclose photo and write to: Sandy, P.O. Box 775, Portland, OR 97207, or call (503) 223-1679.

PENNSYLVANIA

(K-4/91) PENNSYLVANIA: GWM couple (43 & 59), want to meet mature couples for friendship. Enjoy nudity, skinny-dipping in our private pool and hot tub, videos, good food & drink. Ches-Mont area. Write: **GREENWING**

RHODE ISLAND

(J-2/91) SHORT FAT: Sumo types over 250#, cum to Providence and get a rim for your spare tire. Send photo to: Richard C. Judge, 460 Charles St., Apt. 1011, Providence, RI 02904.

TEXAS

(G-2/91) HOUSTON, TEXAS: GWM, 47, 5'-8", 145#, smoker, non-drinker, easy-going, articulate, cuddly, *luvable*, seeking similar or older for sex partner/caring, intimate relationship. Write: J.G., 7211 Ilex St., Houston, TX 77012.

(B-8/91) NORTH TEXAS: GWM, 44, stocky, nice looking, Seek French A/P or J/O with masculine men, late 50s up--no limit! Especially like white hair and/or moustaches and beards. HIV negative. Photo appreciated. Write: J. Bennett, P.O. Box 850511, Richardson, TX 75085-0511.

(H-2/91) CAFE AU LAIT: GBM, 49, 5'-9", 195#, brown/brown, French A/P, Greek A. Desire intimate, sensual love-making. Well-read with diverse sports, cultural and musical interests. Travel south central U.S. Seek compatible guy(s) over 40. Grey/white-haired? Chunky? Balding? I'm your guy! Write: Strac, 9505 Brockbank Drive #4208, Dallas, TX 75220.

(V-4/91) SOUTH TEXAS: 33-year-old Latin, 5'-10", 185#, clean-shaven smooth, versatile, professional. Into husky, hairy, clean-shaven, bald types, 45-65. Looks unimportant. Send photos or letters to: J.E.V., 3601 N. Bicentennial Blvd. #92, McAllen, TX 78501, or telephone (512) 630-3899.

VIRGINIA

(W-2/91) METRO D.C./NATIONWIDE: Big brother seeks little brothers. GWM, new to DC, shy, horny, healthy, attractive, 41, 6'-1", 235#, br/bl, Greek/P (safety precautions). Versatile, love toys, cuddling, videos, long, hot sessions, quiet romantic times. Seeking oversexed GWMs under 40 for hot times. Hairy and extra hung pluses. Send phone/photo (if available) to Dick, P.O. Box 8025, Alexandria, VA 22306-8025.

(G-2/91) ARLINGTON, VA BOTTOM MAN: Bearded, 5'-7", 135#, 50, with smooth, very lean, hot body, tight ass, cut 7", former leatherman with hungry mouth and tongue, dirty talk and kinky mind. Wants bearded, very hairy and muscular, aggressive top man to ride me long and hard. Call Rich (703) 931-9205.

WASHINGTON

(B-2/91) SEATTLE AREA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 50, 5'-10", 190#, husky, friendly, amorous, would like to share some of the finer things in life--my couch, my bed, my cock--with a man of similar attributes, 40-60. NATIONWIDE: Send a letter describing your sexual experiences, real or imagined, including a nude photograph of yourself. I'll reciprocate with nude photo/story. Write: John Breadstill, 1605 - 12th Avenue, Studio 30, Seattle, WA 98122. Or call: (206) 322-3820.

(L-2/91) LONESOME, CARING PERSON: I'm over 60, in good health, looking for someone to love, care for. Seek someone who will travel and live with me in the Northwest. I'm blond, blue eyes, 5'-7", 190#, hairy and love sex. If you're 35 or younger, please send photo and letter and I'll answer. Write: **BUD**

INTERNATIONAL

(J-2/91) VANCOUVER, BC: Retired, 65, 6'-2", 180#, grey hair and moustache, sexually enthusiastic, would like to correspond with and eventually meet other mature, heavy-set guys. I enjoy travelling, bridge and opera. Write: Hirondelle, Suite 480 - 1755 Robson, Vancouver, BC, V6G 3B7, CANADA.

(F-6/91) FRANKIE BEARMANIAC AND HE-BIG-MAN: totally welcome bears from anywhere. We offer you food and bed, south of Brussels, Belgium. We can't wait to meet you. Love. Write: **FRANKIE BEARMANIAC**

(V-2/91) BELGIUM: Couple, 61 (model THE GARDENER) and 37, are looking for sincere, masculine friends worldwide, singles or couples. Correspond initially, then photo-exchange and later visit. Will answer all, no age limitation. Personality is the most important factor. All CR readers wanting to visit Europe, please write to Andre Maertens, Zandstraat 557, 8200 Brugge, BELGIUM.

(NS-2/91) SEEKING COMPANION: American GWM, 62, 6', 160#, retired, 3BR home on Leyte, also beach house. Seeking retired friend/companion/lover to share a beautiful life together here. A/P French/Greek. Write with photo soon. Jim Cottrell, P.O. Box 190, Tacloban City 6500, PHILIPPINES.

BUCKO

BUCKO approached us some time ago, asking if we'd like to see his artwork. But he hesitated sending us anything because he thought his drawings weren't good enough. Finally, he sent us a batch of some of the hottest drawings we've ever seen. The tamer ones we present herewith, but the sizzlers, we're saving for the May 91 Special issue. BUCKO is a stocky, hefty, 60-year-old American/Asian who lives on the Eastern Seaboard with a buddy. He's also an avid sports enthusiast and top-notch writer. His short story, GATOR LAND, will be featured in an upcoming regular issue.

My red suspender!
Bucko

BEST FRIENDS

BUZZ AND CHET

Our very popular model, BUZZ, has been a close friend to another model, CHET, for almost 50 years. The above photo was taken in the Orchid Room at the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco in 1943. BUZZ (left) and CHET were in the Coast Guard then and probably driving other men crazy with those tight-fitting uniforms.

FOR LIFE

photo by JOE

The above photo shows the same two men, some 47 years later in Atlanta. The photos speak profoundly for themselves. BUZZ and his partner, LEWIS, live in St. Augustine, Florida. CHET and his partner, JOE, live in Ft. Lauderdale.

DON'T LOOK BACK by JASON P. WILLIAMS

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS PAST

This year I plan on changing my request. I know, I know, it will hurt me more than it hurts you. I mean, really, you're the best fuck a man could ever hope to have and I hate to jeopardize that. You're every man's daddy-image; the word "cute" was coined for that incredible face of yours; you're hairy as all get out; you are absolutely the best kind of chubby hunk: unblemished skin, beautiful tits with suckable nipples out to here, a pile-driving ass with power for days, and huge, beautiful nuts riding below that incredible, uncut chunk of meat you refer to modestly as "this old thing." And nobody, I mean nobody, knows how to use it better than you do.

If you remember, I was 24 when you first appeared on my hearth, the sparkle in your eye and the lump in your pants taking my breath away. When I wrote to you and asked for that special "present," I thought I was joking, but you knew I really meant it, didn't you? And there you were, unbuckling your belt and kicking off your boots, mesmerizing me out of my night-shirt and into your arms without saying a word. Then you went to town on me and I was a changed man, as you no doubt agree, since you've said my name is always near the top of your (now computerized) list of good boys. Of course, I loved you even more after that first fateful night and I will continue to love you deeply the rest of my life.

Best of all, you don't seem to mind that my crow's feet are now starting to match yours or that my tummy isn't as firm as it used to be. You still fuck my horny butt with great enthusiasm and I'm sure you will continue to do so right into my dotage. And, as I said, I appreciate it. Mercy, you don't know how I appreciate it. When you're old enough to have relished the joys of relatively disease-free lovin', it's a blessing to be able to hark back to those days, even if it's only for one swift 15 minutes, one night a year. I thank you. My tingling butt thanks you.

It's not really fair to compare you to mere mortals, of course. I mean, I absolutely believed your immortality when you easily got that gigantic tube of hot flesh up my almost virgin butt that first time thirty years ago. (By the way, did you realize that last December was our 30th anniversary? I didn't either until I sat down to write you this letter and got to figurin'.) The magic of how you did it didn't dawn on me for years, however. In fact, it was probably ten years after that first time, when I reread A Visit From St. Nicholas, that I finally understood what Clement Moore meant by that one line, ". . . and placing his finger up side of his nose (magic, right?), without a drop of lubricant, up my chimney he rose." Something to that effect anyway (I'll have to look it up). By the way, Clement Moore was one of your "specials" like me, right?

But this year my thank-you note is different. It's just as sincere, though. You probably saw the handwriting on the wall in 1989 when I slipped in a question while you were getting dressed in that incredibly rapid fashion of yours. Do you remember what I said? Here it is again: "Are you really married, Nick?"

"Ho, ho, ho," you said, a bit hollowly, I thought, "Do you know what I called Donner when he didn't show up for flying practice?" When I shook my head, you said, "Dinner! Ho, ho, ho," and you were gone.

When I followed you to the chimney in '90 and hinted you might be a life-long bachelor, you said, "Do you know why I only have seven reindeer this year? Ho, ho, ho, because I left Comet home to clean the kitchen!" And you were out of there.

As a matter of fact, I can now recall a few years ago when we were lying in each other's arms, and I was revelling in the incredible afterglow (afterglow was fashionable then, remember?), when I mentioned how wonderful it was that I was finally fully out of the closet, both to friends and family. You were up and out of there like a shot. "Careful, Jason," you laughed, "I'm not leaving anything under your tree, but Blitzen might! Ho, ho, ho."

Enough with the reindeer jokes, already! How about a straight answer? You don't give us good boys what we want for Christmas just because we didn't pout or shout all year. I mean, you definitely enjoy bestowing the present and I have 30 years of cherished memories to prove it.

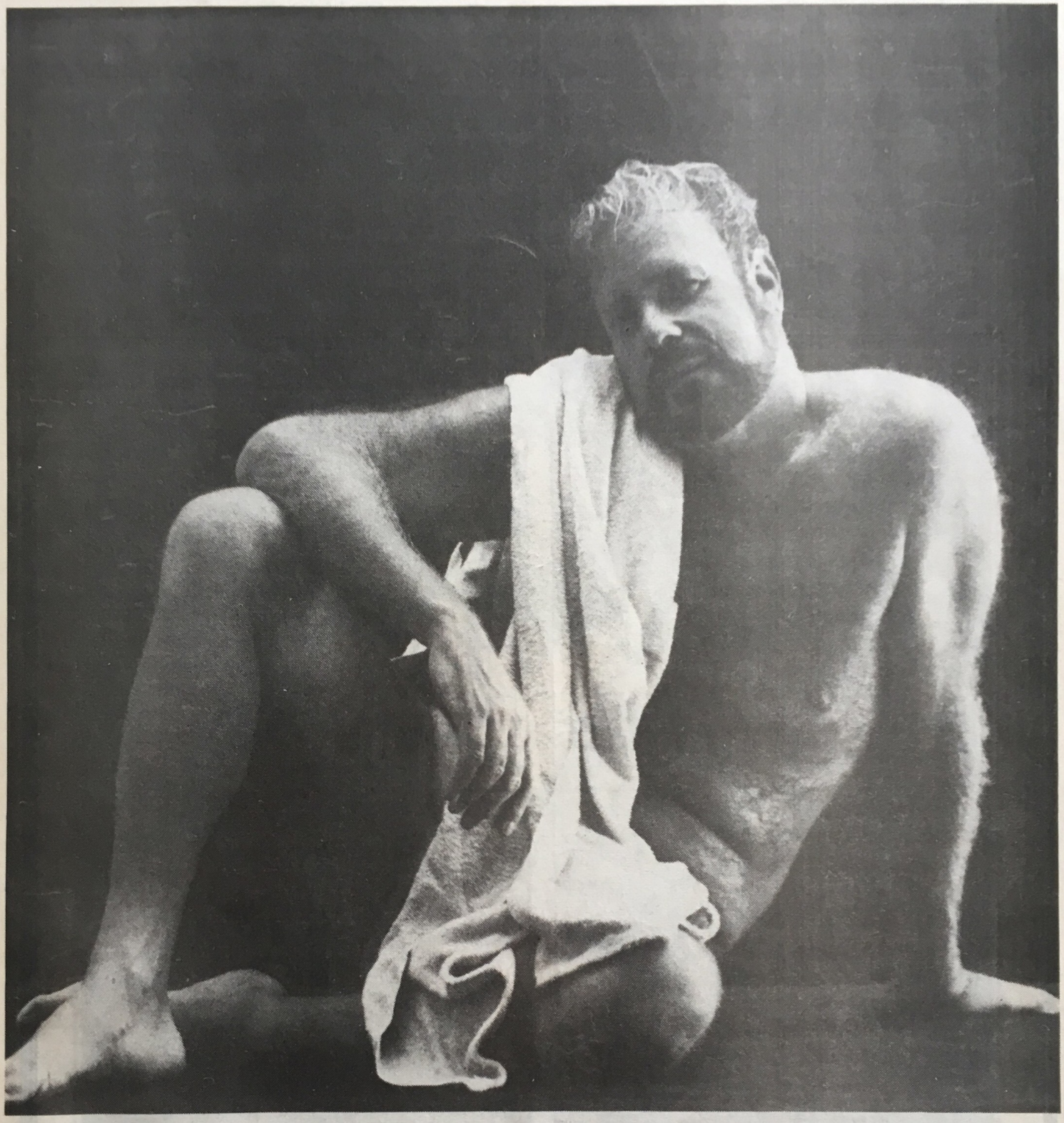
But I may now be asking for more than you're willing to give (just because I've been a good boy all year may not be enough). You're famous, Santa. Malcom Forbes and Rock Hudson and Jimmy Coco and all those other guys don't hold a candle to your fame. They could, or would have, helped tremendously in getting the word out that we are just folks. We are only different in our sexual preference. We are just as good, or bad, as the rest of the people in the world. So why are we victims? Why do we get bashed with apparent impunity?

Because people like you, people who have clout, do nothing to help change it. Your reputations would be "besmirched." You especially, Santa, could go even further. You could help in taking the stigma away from being older and gay (ageism) or chubby and gay (weightism?). Not to mention leather men (oh, that whip, that belt, those yummy, spit-shined boots) and even people who choose to dress differently (cute, as your red and white ensemble is; it is a little, shall we say, flamboyant). Everybody loves you, even the nonreligious, the non-gentile, the non-Caucasian. You could do so much.

So that's going to be my wish for '91. That you and the other famous guys take a shot at being yourselves. It would certainly help us little guys. It really would.

I love you. Your friend, Jason. (2:15 - 2:30 a.m.)

JASON P. WILLIAMS (aka "Jaypee") is the pseudonym of one John Peebles, whose career in gay erotica has been enhanced artistically, if not financially, by his contributions to CR. Jason furnishes most of the current gay publications with highly unusual, erotic fiction as well as an occasional drawing. Having been softly "outed" (see Dec 90 issue) by OUTWEEK, we wonder if he is now on a "come out, come out, wherever you are" mission.



SPEED

photo by WAYNE HAMPTON/WAYNESART

SPEED is a Florida Sun Bear who seeks smaller, compact, hairless bears to wrestle him into submission. WAYNE HAMPTON is well-known for his exquisite, realistic sculptures of the male nude.

COACH BIGGS
by QUETZAL '89
I'M TELLIN' YA, THESE GUYS I WORK WITH MUST NOT BE GETTIN' ANY!
ALL THEY CAN TALK ABOUT'S THE SAME DAMN THING!
ANY WHAT, COACH?
SEX! WHATTAYA THINK?! THEY SIT AROUND THE FACULTY LOUNGE...
...& BULLSHIT ALL DAY ABOUT THE GALS IN THEIR FRONT ROWS! CLEAVAGE!
YOU DON'T HAVE THAT PROBLEM, DO YOU?
ME?! WHAT WOULD I BE GAWKIN' AT?!
WELL, COACH, YOU'RE A TEACHER, TOO!
COME ON! I GOT FIVE SECTIONS A DAY OF PHYS-ED...
JEEZ!
THEY DON'T EVEN SIT IN ROWS!
1-89 QUETZAL
OH YEH—I FORGOT!

QUETZAL, 40, is a very bright and attractive artist who lives with his senior lover in West Hollywood. He's one of the most prolific contributors we've ever had, and very devoted to our cause. COACH BIGGS is a new stand-alone series, replacing GOLDEN GOODIES.

photo by J.A.B.

JUST PLAIN BILL

The central coast area of California is home to BILL. It affords him maximum opportunity for a life of outdoor activities. He's 52, strong and looking for someone near his own age.

THE POETRY OF SAXON

THE KING OF HEARTS

A prophet foretold
of the meaning of gold
And of wars and kings and crusades,
but he never spoke
Of the soldier's joke
between the battles and burnings and raids.

He told us of youth
and the search for truth
And of failing and growing old.
But he forgot to speak
Of the quiet retreat
and the inner side of the soul.

We've been well taught
and chained to thoughts
Of man and armor on a steed,
riding gallantly into battle,
While back home with the cattle,
his lady waits in need.

But what of the knight
seeking wit and insight?
The prophet forgot to say.
For it's a young man's need
To die for his king
that rests his love away.

And at daylight's end,
with wounds to mend,
An ancient barrier departs.
For there's no finer place
Than the eyes and face
of a gentleman King of Hearts.

SAXON is a 40-year-old native of Denver. A philosophical delivery man, he's a lover of art and music . . . and sports, á la Michelangelo.

PUBLICATION POLICY

CHIRON RISING offers a tremendous opportunity for retired, novice or professional writers, artists and photographers to get exposure. We seek works that appeal to mature men and their admirers, especially those which hold our seniors in a positive light. Works may be humorous, erotic or serious, but must be in one of the following forms:

—Cartoons.

—Short stories. We do not accept standard, purely sexual fiction or "porn." We do, however, accept unusual fiction (adventure, drama, comedy, horror, black comedy, fantasy, sci-fi), the more erotic the better, PROVIDED IT HAS REDEEMING SOCIAL VALUE. Manuscripts must be less than 10 double spaced pages and must be edited and highly polished for consideration.

—Drawings of artistic merit, no larger than 8 X 10.

—Poetry.

—Essays or articles on any subject of interest to the mature man and his admirers— same as short stories, except limited to 4 double spaced pages.

—Photographs (color or black & white)—full portrait, nude or otherwise, undisguised preferred, with good contrast and clarity. Must have artistic merit. No J/O or sex shots.

Note: All subjects or characters depicted must be over 21 years of age. Works even hinting of pedophilia or bestiality will not be considered.

All submittals must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope with adequate postage for return. We will send you a release form if your material is accepted for publication. Payment will be made in copies, subscriptions, special issues or cash, as agreed to. Unsolicited manuscripts of short stories over 10 pages, novels, novellas, screen plays or plays will not be accepted.

SAMSON

Japan's celebrated magazine is now available to the rest of the world. Excellent photography and artwork for connoisseurs of big and older men. In Japanese, 275 pages. Published monthly. For our current issue, send 2,000 Japanese Yen or U.S. $14.00. Payment for one issue must be in cash only. For a 6 month subscription (6 issues), send 13,500 Japanese Yen in bank transfer or money order. For a 12 month subscription (12 issues, plus 1 free), send 24,000 Japanese Yen in bank transfer or money order.

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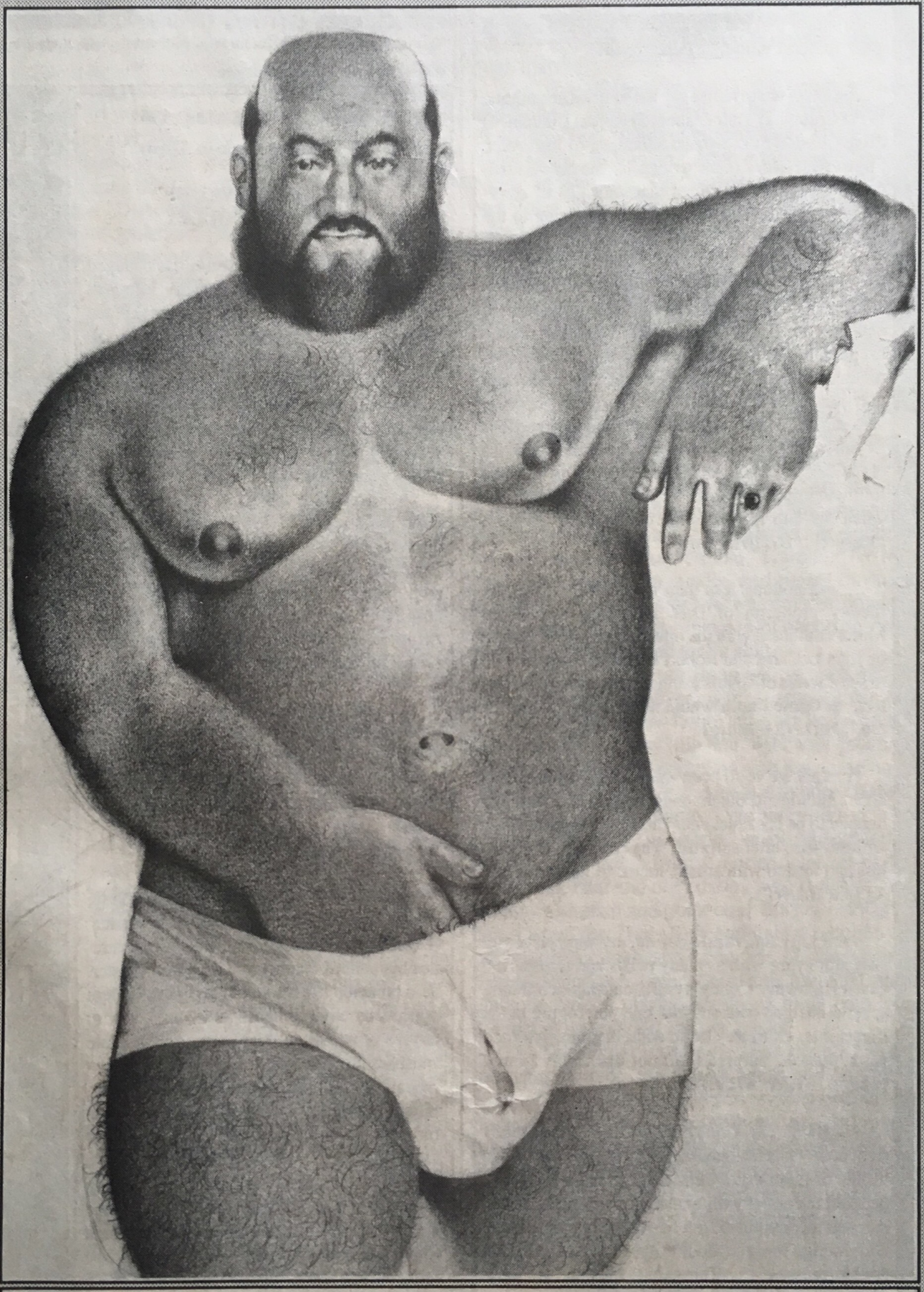
C O R N E L I U S



He's a highly evolved, 34-year-old portrait and fantasy artist living in Amsterdam with his chubby lover, aged 42.

SANCTUM

". . . was incredible! It was well worth the time and the money. You've tapped into virtually all of the fantasies that I thought were mine alone. The only other author that has the ability to grip and enthrall me is Robert Ludlum." *D.H./Detroit*

". . . prompts me to revise my list of favorite authors: 1) Pat Colley, 2) Tom Clancy, 3) Robert Ludlum, 4) Clive Cussler, 5) Lawrence Saunders, 6) Jean Auel. I have read every book written by the above mentioned authors and believe that your gift of storytelling with suspense and intrigue are equal to the best of any of them." *J.S./Norfolk*

". . . is probably one of the first full-length homosexual spy thrillers written with high literary values. It depicts a nearly all-male world, filled with all the excitement and intrigues that such an isolated environment can offer. There are homosexual men who may not necessarily show their sexuality, but you sure can tell when the time is right and they encounter other men of various degrees of homosexual inclination . . . or just any man in a horny mood. The following morning all is forgotten and denied; but when the cup is full, some come back! What a pleasure!" *L.L./Washington*

". . . was nothing less than incredible. It had the literary eroticism of D.H. Lawrence and Henry Miller combined with the international spy suspense of John LeCarré and Robert Ludlum. I would love to see a series of novels using the same main characters. It opened up a whole new literary world for me." *M.D.H./Arkansas*

". . . is what we've all been waiting for: a unique tale about intelligent, butch, dangerous MEN, who just happen to be cocksuckers. The plot is perfect, filled with surprise after surprise. The eroticism is relentless and loaded with artistic merit. A masterpiece!" ***XYLOPHANG***

". . . is a jolly fun, razzle-dazzle, mystery/suspense/adventure yarn with as many twists and turns as the Coast Highway. Colley's craftsmanship in braiding several intrigue tensions into one playful pig tail is irresistible. One can't let go without giving it a good yank, than the surprises fall out like candy from a piñata!" ***KENN RICHIE***

". . . is good! Mr. Colley has chosen a genre that's right up my leisure-reading alley: the spy/espionage thriller of Ludlum, LeCarré and Cruz Smith. He has peopled his novel with unusual, interesting characters and a convoluted, red herring-filled plot, along with foreign intrigue, double agents, derring-do and double-crosses. Thesexual tension is most gratifying." ***JASON P. WILLIAMS***

SANCTUM IS FEATURED IN CHIRON RISING'S NOVEMBER '90 SPECIAL ISSUE, NOW SPECIALLY PRICED AT $8 FOR SUBSCRIBERS AND $10 FOR NON-SUBSCRIBERS ($11 FOR OVERSEAS SUBSCRIBERS). You must provide a signed order form with order. Sales limited in certain states. See order form on next page.

AND COMING IN THE MAY, 1991 SPECIAL ISSUE (on sale in April) . . .

ANOTHER NOVEL BY PATRICK H. COLLEY

It's 2007 and the world has changed drastically. Devastated by a deadly, bilogical warfare virus that prefers lighter-skinned people, white-dominated governments all over the world begin to fall. A Religious Right-led United States, having banished millions of minorities to camps, is invaded by an alliance of Latin American countries, later joined by non-white insurgents from the U.S. military and American Indians.

Knowing that U.S. defeat is near, three deserting U.S. Army medical officers discover a handful of mutilated survivors of a "medical research" camp for homosexual men, then stumble upon an abandoned field hospital in the Utah desert. As the Mexican Army closes in, the doctors make an outrageous, brilliant decision .

So, come in, Caballeros! Welcome to Ibapah Jack's, the only whore house between Salt Lake City and Las Vegas. Anything goes here: orgies, glory holes, booze, videos, drugs and kink. World War III got you down? Come in and check out our girls . . . but not too closely . . . .

"MOONFINCH has it all: black comedy, warped genders, drama, atrocities, romance, vengeance and bizarre eroticism. Colley creates his central characters like a true master. He's breathed life into them and placed them in perilous environments, allowing them to survive or perish on their own without some transparent contrivance. His insidious transformations left me stunned and breathless, unable to fathom how I could suddenly lust and care for a character I'd just spent 150 pages loathing. And then there is Colley's signature: his unique gift for spell binding eroticism. The sight of moonlight or the sound of coyote howls will forever provoke a bulge in my pants. Colonel Jack Deegan will haunt me for years. Guaranteed to give WET nightmares!" ***XYLOPHANG***

MOONFINCH

IN CLOSING

How were your holidays? Great, we hope. Our festivities began with a delightful, pre-Christmas party given by our model, RICHIE II, and his two charming house mates. The food was outstanding and the guests were great guys and gals.

On Christmas Eve, we headed for Palm Springs to spend a fantastic holiday with NIPPER and ZIPPER in their new home. Upon arrival, we were enthusiastically greeted by their "children" (four female dogs and two male cats) and introduced to one of the most interesting couples we've met in a long time (they're now subscribers, of course). NIPPER and ZIPPER are entertaining to the max, but their Seattle house guests made the event very special. The younger one is a philosopher/electrical engineer/construction worker and the older one is a famous astrologer! A Christmas we'll not soon forget.

On December 28th, I collected on my birthday present from Pat. We boarded the S. S. Azure Seas for a three-day cruise to Catalina and Ensenada. Waiting for us on board were two other couples: JOHN McNEILL and his life partner, CHARLIE; and BIG MAC II and his life partner, DENNY. Having made reservations months in advance, we were all berthed on the same deck and enjoyed our own private dinner table for the entire cruise. That first night out was spent dining on some of the most succulent cuisine imaginable, exploring the ship and playing the slot machines in the casino. We even stayed up for the nightly midnight buffet before finally hitting the sack around 2:00 am.

The following morning the ship dropped anchor outside Avalon Harbor and we awakened to a cloudy, cool day. After breakfast, we were taken by tender to Avalon, where we took a three hour bus tour of the island's rugged interior.

After the tour was over, we left the bus near Avalon's main drag. Hungry as hell, I began leading the way to the the Busy Bee restaurant, where the best sandwiches in Southern California awaited us. Unfortunately, I failed to detect a crack in the sidewalk and fell flat on my face on the concrete. Of course, Pat hovered over me like a protective, growling Rottweiler, slapping other helping hands out of the way. He made sure that I'd not had a heart attack before he helped me up. Later, he said that he saw the embarrassed look on my face and knew that I'd only tripped. In spite of the blood from my nose, upper lip and chin, my injuries proved not to be serious. As a matter of fact, none of us can figure out why I wasn't hurt more seriously. My palms obviously broke my fall, but they weren't even bruised. Back on ship, the nurse and doctor declared me fit and made sure that I signed a declaration stating that I'd fallen in Avalon . . . not on the ship. When it became evident that there would be no swelling or discoloration, we jumped back into the spirit of the cruise, very, very thankful that the celebration had not been marred.

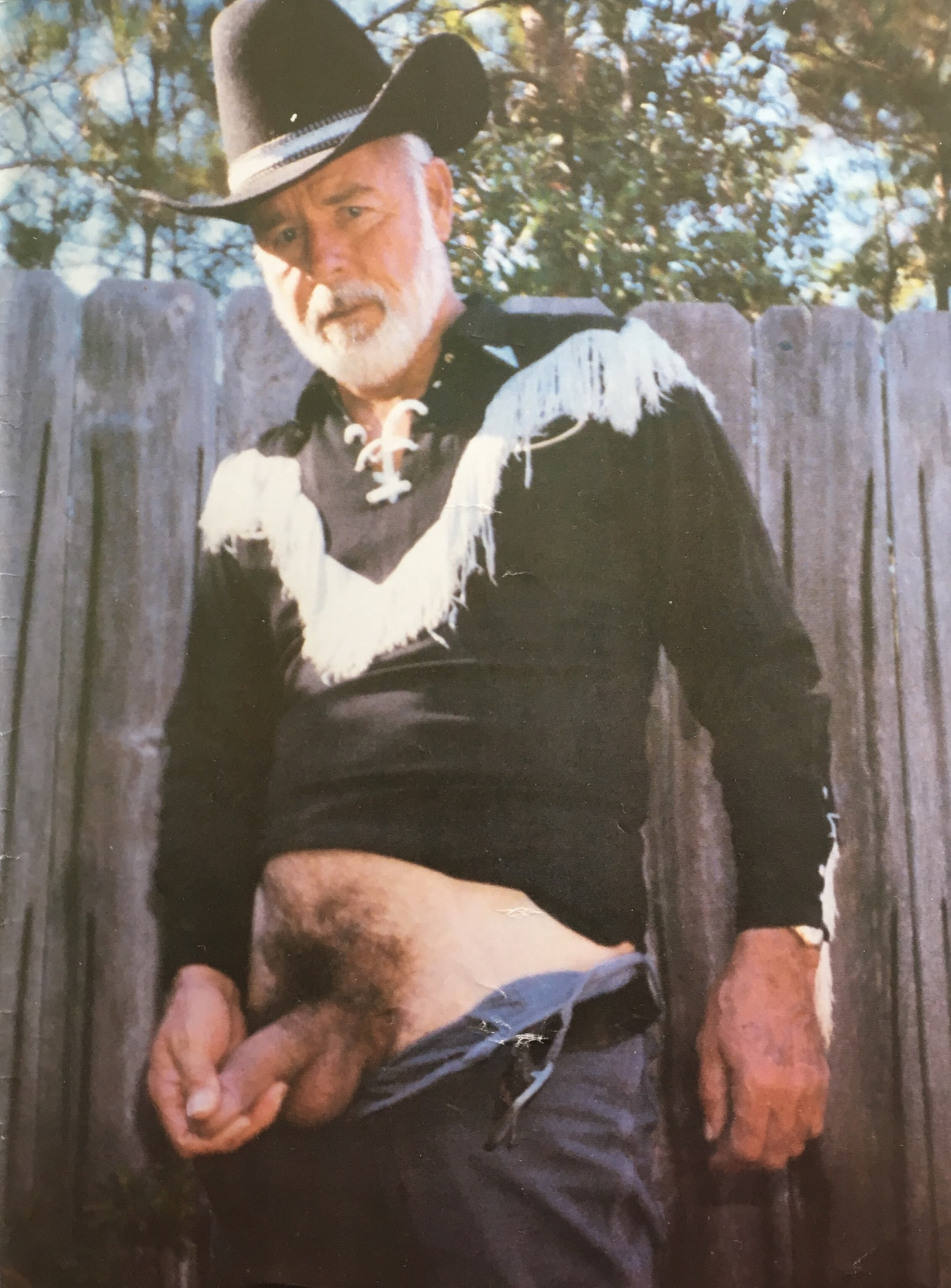
The following morning, the weather was warm and sunny. We watched as the ship docked at the Ensenada port, then enthusiastically lined up for our "Gold Coast" excursion. What a mistake! The bus was nearly an hour late. Our female guide sported an amplified voice that made one's hair stand on end. She talked—seemingly without taking a breath—for 30 minutes straight before we ever got away! Worse, we couldn't understand a word she was saying. The shrieking continued as the bus chugged northward, along the Pacific coast. DENNY cracked us all up when he recounted a scene in the movie, "Airplane:" some of the passengers hanged themselves to escape the misery of having to listen to a flight attendant. Later, after we arrived at a strange-looking resort development, it became evident that it was all a commercial ruse. They were trying to sell us property! Royally pissed, JOHN demanded that we rent a car and escape back to Ensenada, but there were no rentals available. I embarrassed everyone by demanding that the guide keep her mouth shut on the way back. "And furthermore," I ranted, " I'm not in the market for property in Mexico and resent having to pay $20 to be shown property." All was not lost, however. We did manage 30 meager minutes of shopping downtown before the bus returned to the ship.

The S. S. Azure Seas got us back into a great frame of mind, however, with a spectacular Mexican luncheon buffet. A few hours later, we had a gala American motif dinner party (the first night was Italian and the second was French), complete with the parading of waiters and busboys carrying at least a hundred Baked Alaskas, aglow with sparklers. We were led in a rousing chorus of "We Are The World," which highlighted the fact that the crew came from every country on earth. Our waiter was Thai and our busboy was Turkish. The head waiter was Italian and gorgeous! But the highlight for me came when the Thai, Turk and Italian brought my surprise birthday cake and hundreds of passengers sang "Happy Birthday." Later, CHARLIE and PAT stayed up until one o'clock playing Blackjack (they both won), but the rest of us crashed into our bunks.

Docking at San Pedro (Port of Los Angeles) the following morning, we disembarked and headed for the high desert, where we added on another couple and celebrated New Year's Eve together at Casa de Luna. When the smoke cleared and everyone headed for home, Pat shuffled into the office and began to put together this issue. I kissed him and thanked him for the nice birthday present and he winked. His birthday is July 17th, so I'd better get busy on his present.

HAPPY SAILING FROM THE FRIAR!

A Self Portrait

HANDLEBAR

He's a 6'-1", 240#, 42-year-old garden center manager with sapphire eyes. He enjoys art, outdoors, cooking, correspondence and big, burly, bearded bears who are as tired of being alone as he is.